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For the Anthology.

OBSERVATIONS ON MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNA.

The name of Madame de Stael has long been familiar in French Literature. Two ladies of this name rank high among their female writers. The present Madame de Stael Holstein has published several works, the last of which, Corinna, will do more for her glory than all the others. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give some account of the author, before reflecting upon her work.

She is the daughter of the late M. Necker, who played so conspicuous a part at the commencement of the French Revolution; and the widow of the late Baron de Stael Holstein, who was ambassadour from the king of Sweden during the time of the Directory. Her children are brought up in Switzerland, the country of her family; and it is one of the reproaches of her enemies, that she has always kept them at a distance from herself. She is not handsome in the face, but her person is fine, above the middle size. A judgment of her character, formed from her works, would be as erroneous, in some respects, as that of the lady, who described Thomson from reading the Seasons. She is always writing about melancholy, and admiring the gloomy, profound impressions, that abound in the poetry and character of the English and northern nations; yet Madame de Stael is miserable out of Paris; and would be as wretched as Milo was at Marseilles, as Seneca in Corsica, or Ovid on the Bosphorus. Her great delight is to be amid a circle of wits in a saloon at Paris. She is gay, laughing, and fond of animated conversation and lively repartee, in which she always takes a principal part, and generally engages all the men in her conversation, paying very little attention to her own sex, and is therefore not a great favourite with them.

From her rank, her connexions, her talents, her independent fortune, and active character, she has always been a remarkable personage in society, and frequently meddled in political intrigues. She used to be very intimate with Talleyrand, and often teized this famous statesman and wit. She inquired of him one day, which he would save, if he should see her and Madame Grand, now his wife, fallen into the water; he answered, "My dear madame, *you* know how to swim."

At the period of Buonaparte's usur-

pation she had sufficient influence to be very troublesome to him in the commencement of his reign, and when he was obliged to be gradual in his usurpation of power. In the organization of the new temporary government she out manœuvred the future emperour, and placed Benjamin Constant in one of the assemblies, in spite of his efforts to the contrary. When he had acquired stability, he did not forget Madame de Stael, but sent Talleyrand to tell her she must leave Paris, and go to Switzerland. It was rather an awkward commission, but he executed it with address. He called on her, and after a few compliments told her—"I hear, madame, you are going to take a journey."—"O no, it is a mistake, I have not the least intention of doing it."—"Pardon me, I heard you were going to Switzerland."—"I have no such project, I assure you."—"I have been told so by the best authority, and that you would leave Paris in three days." The hint was taken. After some period had elapsed, she returned to Paris, and, about the epoch of General Moreau's banishment, she was exiled again, and ordered not to come within ten leagues of Paris, because at her house a numerous circle of men of talents and influence assembled, who were disaffected to the government. This she evaded two or three times, which was discovered by the police, and she was then banished to Switzerland. She made a tour in that country the summer of last year in company with her friend, the beautiful Madame Recamier, and the last winter they passed at Vienna.

The regions of science and literature have been so generally explored, that many of those, who have not been able to discover any new *matter*, have been contented with the humbler occupation of varying the *manner* of what has been already described. Several of the sciences have been divested of their harsh and technical appearance, and taught by tricks and experiments, by rhymes and riddles, as our quacks administer their medicines in the guise of sugar-plums. History and Romance, which have often been two names for the same thing, are becoming so blended, that, possibly, the notions of posterity about the two or three last centuries will be very similar to those we have of the expedition of the Argonauts. Fifty years ago we were diverted with "Romantick Histories," and now we are treated with "Historical Romances." If our descendants should become so enervated and effeminate by this exuberance of the press, as to prefer amusement to fact, many of our sprightly romances will be read, and many of our dull histories will be forgotten.

Corinna is a novel engrafted on a journey and description of Italy, and the licentious fashion of blending fancy and reality is more innocent and justifiable in this kind of work than in any other. Of the advantages, which it possesses, Madame de Stael has availed herself in the ablest manner. The description of the interesting and magnificent objects of Rome, the disquisitions on Italian society, and the progress of the novel, are most ingeniously mingled, and by being alternately brought forward, prevent the most fastidious reader from tiring. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances are celebrated for their beautiful descriptions, which lose a great part of their interest not only from being too often repeated, but because they are only pleasing pictures of the writer's imagination, composed perhaps from *studies* of landscape, but vague and

transitory as the shadows of summer clouds. Here Madame de Stael possesses a striking advantage ; for, not confined like a writer of travels, to mere journalizing and description, a selection suffices for her purpose, and the canvass of her work is filled, not with

The Alps, the Appenines and River Po,

but with the most interesting objects of ancient and modern Italy.

The persons of the novel are few in number, but these few are sketched with that delicate and minute observation of character, which belongs to her sex ; while the contrasts arising from different tempers and education, and the effects of the passions, are developed with all the force and skill produced by a profound knowledge of the human heart. Count d'Erpeuil is a gay, well bred, distinguished Frenchman, portrayed with the most aggravating accuracy : perhaps the fidelity and spirit of this portrait is better sustained than any other in the book. Mr. Edgermond, the relation of Lord Nelvill, who makes his appearance at Rome, is delineated so generally, that he represents a species, yet so simply and naturally, that he affects us like a miniature among a collection of historical pictures. Oswald posseses too many noble qualities to suffer us to despise him ; but when a being, like Corinna, is sacrificed to morbid sensibility and imaginary duties, we pity the victim too much to respect the sacrificer. Corinna is the fair monster of the work : she is a character out of nature ; so at least she will be generally, and so she had better be considered : yet she has enough of humanity in her composition, a sufficient portion of the faculty of inspiring and suffering emotion, to excite, even in the generality of readers, an interest beyond that of a mere heroine of romance.

The incidents are many of them striking and novel ; and in the present state of literature, this is one of the rarest kinds of merit. Oswald saving the madmen from the hospital in flames at Ancona, the moonlight scene at the fountain of Trevi, and Corinna on the road from Naples to Portici, will support Madame de Stael's claim to this praise. The style is eloquent ; and the thoughts are many of them singularly just, beautiful and original.

The intimate knowledge, which is discovered of the character of different nations, is a remarkable feature of this work ; and it is hard to say which is delineated most accurately, the French, the Italian or the English. The Count d'Erpeuil tells Oswald,—" je n'aime en fait de nation, que les Anglais et les Francais ; il faut etre fiers comme eux, ou brillans comme nous, tout le reste n'est que de l'imitation." It is easy to see, which has the superiority in the eyes of the author. Neither Dr. Moore, nor M. Dupaty has shewn more acquaintance with the Italian character ; the dialogue allows her the means of attacking it with the ebullitions of French vanity, and the moroseness of English pride ; which is answered by Corinna only with patient submission and mild regret. It appears to have been one of the principal objects of the writer, to shew, that the Italians have been " more sinned against than sinning ;" to convert the contempt of the world into pity, and to excite a belief, that men, whose ancestors once governed the universe, who have furnished learning and the arts with some of their brightest ornaments, are capable of being elevated from their pre-

sent degraded situation, and assuming a conspicuous rank in the world.

The work is not without its faults; and those, who are fonder of the chaff than the grain, may select them. But there is one obliquity of sentiment, which becomes the more remarkable, as it exercises a fatal influence over the conduct of her hero. Madame de Stael was extremely fond of her father, and has attempted in a book, she published, containing his posthumous works, to sublimate this affection, into a mysterious, metaphysical passion, which exposed her to severe reprehension from the French criticks. If she had persuaded the world in this respect, she could only acquire credence for singularity; yet, by a kind of perversity, she has made this indefensible principle a governing motive in her new work. Peculiar circumstances may modify the affections unnaturally in a few individuals: will Madame de Stael make an unfortunate exception a general rule? Is affection to a mother so subordinate, that *la perte d'un pere*, is la plus intime de toutes les douleurs? Is affection for a husband, or for our offspring, weaker than this? Ardent and *melancholy* minds are apt to run into exaggeration, but this if it were realized, would recal the fable of Saturn devouring his children.

To expiate this censure of Madame de Stael, it will be a grateful task to attempt her defence, where she has been blamed unjustly. It has been said,* that her inimitable description of the circle in Northumberland has a tendency to discourage the gentle virtues of private, and to ridicule the simplicity of domestick life, while the brilliant Corinna will dazzle and allure. Alas! poor Corinna! did ever moral of any history stare the reader more fully in the face? Is it not as apparent, as those, heaped up at the end of fables, labelled and dried for the use of school-boys? Does not the luckless heroine lament, that she is deprived of the charms of domestick life, which she was formed to enjoy; and does she not fall a victim to one of these admirers of still life? The author gives a representation, which is neither harsh nor extravagant, of the imbecile taciturnity, the morose, awkward pride, and the petrifying power of this Northumberland tea-drinking society, which occasions an outcry among the *parties concerned*. What will these moralists say to the following lines of Cowper, which ought to be engraven on the teapot of every similar coterie!

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd to appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;
Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, utter'd softly, show
Every five minutes, how the minutes go.

The *improvisations* of Corinna will be less admired than any other part of the work. That, which she makes at the capital, is eloquent, and would be beautiful in Italian verse, but is too florid for prose. The last, which is recited at Florence, must be excepted; it is affecting and sublime. He, who can read it without emotion, would do well never to leave the bounds of demonstration to wander among the fields of literature. If any young man reads it, and every pulse does not vibrate and every nerve thrill, let him not

* See Edinburgh Review.

hesitate in the choice of a profession: let him not be a clergyman, he would have to preach the sublime doctrines of christianity, to sustain weakness, and console affliction: let him not study the law, he might be called upon to oppose powerful injustice, or to defend the devoted victim against popular clamour and factious persecution: let him not be a physician, he may be expected to soothe the agony of wounded affection, to sympathize with the wretched, when his art has been ineffectual: no, let him hord dollars and accumulate interest; his progress will be certain—nay, (the advice is perfectly disinterested) he will do well to bring up his children in the same manner

This article has become too extended to admit of extracting passages from the work, to illustrate the opinions here advanced. One only must be indulged, for the sake of contrasting Madame de Stael with Kotzebue. The latter published in 1806, Travels in Italy, in four volumes, which are principally remarkable for their stale and virulent abuse of religion. The flattest jests and most scurrilous remarks abound in every chapter; and what would be ridiculous, if it was not odious, is that he seems to have just awakened, and made a Quixotick expedition to retail forgotten, exploded abuse, which in the sixteenth century might have possessed the merit of boldness, but now is only insipid and cowardly. The Pope and the Catholicks are shewn no mercy. When the Lion was confined to his den through age and infirmity, the Ass came and kicked him The following sentence contains the reflections of Kotzebue on the illuminated cross, which is suspended from the dome of St. Peter's on Good Friday Evening. "Le Vendredi Saint on suspend dans la "Coupole une croix enorme, illuminée "par trois cents lampes, ce qui doit "faire une fort jolie decoration." Compare this with the description and reflections of Madame de Stael on the same subject. The whole chapter, which is the fourth in the tenth book, is very interesting; but a single paragraph only will be taken, the first sentence of which is occupied by the same object with the one quoted from Kotzebue.

Corinne suivit la procession qui se rendait dans le temple de Saint Pierre, qui n'est alors éclairé que par une croix illuminée; ce signe de douleur, seul resplendissant dans l'auguste obscurité de cet immense edifice, est la plus belle image du Christianisme au milieu des tenebres de la vie. Une lumiere pale et lointaine se projette sur les statues qui decorent les tombeaux. Les vivans qu'on apercoit en foule sous ces voutes semblent des pygmées en comparaison des images des morts. Il y a autour de la croix un espace eclairé par elle, ou se prosternent le Pape vêtu de blanc, et tous les Cardinaux rangés derriere lui. Ils restent la près d'une demi heure dans le plus profond silence, et il est impossible de n'etre pas ému par ce spectacle. On ne sait pas ce qu'ils demandent, on n'entend pas leurs secrets gemissemens; mais ils sont vieux, ils nous devancent dans la route de la tombe: quand nous passerons à notre tour dans ce terrible avantgarde, Dieu nous fera-t'il la grace d'ennoblir assez la vieillesse, pour que le declin de la vie soit les premiers jours de l'immortalité!

Let the reader of the most ardent conception reflect a while upon this picture: the mystery, which is the most affecting and tremendous, the most awful and sublime, the consummation indeed of all the others of the christian faith, the populace and nobility of Rome, the whole hierarchy of the church with their spiritual Father at their head, are kneeling in silent and passionate devotion; —the only light, which trembles on

the outlines of this immense and august congregation, on the statues of saints, and the tombs of departed sovereigns, emanates from the illuminated type of the sacrifice they are celebrating :—let him consider the lively and intimate belief of this assembly,—that the time is night,—the place, the vast Basilick of St. Peters ; he may loose the reigns of his imagination, it will never outstrip the effect such a scene would produce.

For the Anthology.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

London, June 20th, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED, rather unexpectedly, your letter from Gravesend, requesting some remarks upon the exhibition at Somerset House, and have been three times, in order to form a deliberate opinion. I cannot persuade myself to respect the arts in this country. Even the President provoked me excessively by the first words I ever heard him pronounce, when showing us an outline-engraving.—" I shall perhaps" said he, " have all my works engraved in this way, if I find the publick *have any taste for it ! !*" Was there ever such a self-condemning sentence ; or such an insult to the publick ? After boasting of having painted more than ever artist painted ; after a long life, which ought to have been devoted not only to raise the state of the arts generally, but to *create* a taste for them which should at this day have admitted of no doubt ; that observation excited in me some of the genuine irritability, and has in some degree diminished my reverence for his works.—Thus prepared, I went, not like a true shepherd to roll my eyes with delight over Arcadian fields, but to encounter horses, dogs, and pigs. Nothing so lively, I assure you ! But head upon head——whole lengths, half lengths and quarter lengths ! These are the " green fields of fat cows " of pastoral life, which adorn the walls of Somerset House !

I had no sooner seated myself to survey them more at leisure, than I felt that disposition for yawning, which such an exhibition of endless, thick-chop'd portraits annually excites. It is very like finding yourself at a cit's dinner, surrounded by good, wholesome, fat faces in perfect unison with the steaming round of beef, at which a grain of attick salt would excite as much surprize as a shower of hail.

I should, before I proceed any farther, offer as a supposition, that this exhibition at Somerset House is considered by some of the artists as a catch-penny thing—that any thing will do for the vulgar mob—that it is very well to get 2000 or 3000 l.—for I do not find that some of the best ever exhibit there, and that Mr. West himself has stuck up a little sketch of his Thetis and Achilles, already exhibited " en grand," which I consider as another insult.

The best of the historical paintings is that, which you recollect to

have seen at Mr. West's, of Iris's *annunciation* to Priam. There is very great beauty in the figure of Iris; it seems in some degree modelled from the Thetis of the above mentioned picture. The more this picture is examined, the more it appears to be the work of a master. The attitude of Priam is unexceptionable—thrown back, and inclined to one side, as if to escape the dreadful tidings, with his arm above his head extending over it his mantle, and concealing in a degree the darkness of his countenance. The next remarkable figure is one of the sons, seated on the *lowest* step of the throne, in a position of great affliction—crouch'd in his posture—his head upon his *whole* hand;—but this attitude has a fault in this picture, I think it is a little too vulgar—it is like a kitchen maid with a *jumping* tooth-ache, who squats herself down upon a stool, bracing one of her legs with her arm. It may be said that all "bienséance" is forgotten in a moment of such distress; but it would seldom happen, that a son should seat himself in that way and turn his back upon his sovereign—it lessens the dignity of the scene. The gloom thrown upon all the surrounding objects contrasts finely with the celestial brightness of Iris.

Near Mr. West's hangs a thing of Fuzeli's. It is not for me to throw dirt at men of genius;—but after much examination, I confess I could discover nothing but a vile plaster of oil and ashes! We are told that a good painter must unite in himself a number of qualities—among others, just proportions, accurate drawing, chaste and harmonious colouring, neither too gaudy nor too "sombre."—Fuzeli fails in each of those, and in how many others I pretend not to say. What is meant for expression, is grimace; and each attitude a *distortion of deformity*. I can fancy, I see Mr. Fuzeli turning up his nose at what he probably considers the minor parts of the art. We know, however, that Raphael did not despise them. If every man were to embody his *dreams* in black and white chalks, I do not know, but that we should have as many Fuzelis, as there are people, who are troubled with the night-mare. As to this picture you must fancy, that you see one of the most hideous of those animals, called Lascars, thrown on a bed in a corner of a prison, and in a fit of horrour, on being told, if you please, that he has eaten a bit of a cow, trying to kick the bed-cloaths off; the group around look like cousins-german, and their limbs are thrown about with the suppleness and lassitude of a hot climate.

Not far from this, the eyes are dazzled with a minute *dabbing* of all the colours of the rainbow and many more, like the spangled robe of an *aquatick* queen at Sadler's Wells, forming another Trojan story. This is Westall's, and drawn expressly to be engraven in colours for the shop windows! So insipid are his pictures in general, that I had little patience to examine it, and none to describe the faint impression it left.

After the President, if I may not say *before*, comes Wilkie. He has poured out an abundance of talent upon his little bit of canvass. It represents a group of card-players in a country kitchen, with all the minute accessaries of a Flemish artist. The first on the left is a cheerful character, showing a broken set of great "*butter*"-teeth, and exulting at his good luck, with one leg stretched out, and showing his cards, as if he were sure of winning.—Next to him, with his back turned

towards you, is one who seems puzzled, with his hand thrust behind under his hat, and scratching his head: it is perfectly evident what his state of the game is. Opposite the first, is a man, with his right hand drawing out a card, and looking across the table, doubting whether there is not some foul play under the smiles of his opponent. On the back of his chair leans a dark gloomy character, not attending to the game, with all the marks of a lazy, desponding, silent, smoke-dried frequenter of an ale-house. The fourth, at the game, I do not at this moment recollect; but between him and the third is the woman of the house, a kind of slattern, rather interested in the game, and with a fat, slabbering baby, almost tumbling out of her arms, and reaching towards the cards. It is altogether a most complete piece of humour.—Every thing bears the marks of a careless, frolicking house. There is a shelf with an '*omnium gatherum*' perfectly in character—a fiddle half out of a green bag, &c. &c.

His pictures I am told are sold at an enormous price, and he surely merits it. F. W.

MEMOIRS OF ALDUS MANUTIUS,

OR THE ELDER ALDUS.

[Amongst those who have hitherto exercised the art of printing, an art, of which the imperfect attainment is as easy, as real superiority is rare, Aldus the Elder, and his son, Paulus Manutius, are entitled, on every account, to the first rank. Filled with an enthusiastick ardour for the literature of Greece and Rome, they sacrificed those advantages of fame and fortune, which could only be obtained from works of their own and spent their whole lives in rescuing the ancient writers from that obscurity, in which eight ages of barbarism had involved them. Not content with preserving them from destruction, they were desirous of rendering the study of them universal, and undertook to reproduce them under such less expensive forms, as would render them attainable by a greater number of readers. Common knowledge and moderate talents were sufficient for the printing of books of scholastick divinity, jurisprudence, and mysticism, which at this period almost exclusively engaged the press; but to quit the long-frequented path, undismayed by the difficulties attending the first publication of ancient authors, and more particularly Greek authors, required, along with no common degree of erudition, all the energy of a superiour genius, joined to the most unabating perseverance. Many learned men of these first periods of the revival of letters have rendered their whole lives famous, by the revival of one, or a very small number, of these precious writings, which have not passed through the darkness of ages, without more or less of alteration; but the celebrated printers, whose history is now to be perused, are the only ones whose brilliant catalogue of editions, published and laboriously corrected by themselves, is at the same time nearly the entire list of master-pieces of ancient literature.

In the midst of continual labours, and the cares which were incessantly required through a long series of years by the difficult and learned editions, which each month and week issued from their presses, these indefatigable men still, themselves, found leisure for the cultivation of literature; and they have left several works, which evince their profound knowledge, and still retain a well-deserved esteem.

Paulus Manutius, in particular, acquired, by a constant study of the works of Cicero, a purity and elegance of style, which will always be admired in those letters and prefaces, which he wrote in the Latin language. His Commentaries on Cicero are still in the hands of all those, who would study to advantage the orations

of that father of eloquence; and his treatises of antiquity are read less now, only on account of their being replaced by more modern works, which are indebted to him for some of the most valuable of their contents.

Aldus Manutius, son of Paulus, the last of this illustrious family shines with less splendour in the list of renowned printers. Indeed it may be said, without injustice towards him, that if he had not been the son of Paulus Manutius, if he had not succeeded to the excellent Aldine press, it would seldom be remembered that he had ever been a printer; but if his inclination gave a different direction to his pursuits and studies, if even he did not in any thing equal his father and grandfather, his numerous works, nevertheless, prove that he was industrious and learned, and justify, to a certain degree, the elogiums bestowed upon him by many of his cotemporaries.

The history of these three learned printers has never been completely written, although many biographers give a longer or shorter account of them All those who have spoken of the state of literature during the sixteenth century, could not but mention with distinction the Aldine family among its greatest ornaments. But the passages which we find in De Thou, and many less celebrated authors, are rather testimonies of esteem, than historical relations, and are by no means sufficient to make these printers known, as they deserve to be, by every friend of literature.

In the last century, Unger, in Germany, Zeno, at Florence, Manni, at Venice, Lazzeri, at Rome, and Maittaire and Tiraboschi, left accounts, more or less detailed, of one or other of the three Aldi. The first of these writers, Unger, who published his work in 1729, has loaded it with digressions foreign to the subject, which necessarily render it, on the whole, uninteresting and forbidding. Geret, who reprinted this work at Wittemburg, 1753, in quarto, has added notes, correcting many errours, and supplying many omissions, but these only serve to render it more confused. The catalogue of the Aldine editions, found in these two publications is likewise so incorrect, that it is altogether useless.

Manni has given his work a more historical form; it is therefore read with greater interest than the unconnected, tedious, paragraphs of the German author. Like Unger, he has written only of the elder Aldus; his account of the Aldine editions is very incomplete and has the great fault of containing some vague account of several editions, which have never existed.

Father Lazzeri, who published at Rome, in 1754—58, some account of Paulus Manutius, in the introduction to A Collection of Manuscript Letters of several learned Men, relates, with minute exactness, all which he thought in the least referred to Paulus Manutius. Letters, prefaces, manuscripts, nothing escaped the researches of this laborious jesuit; and if he could have avoided useless details, limited his quotations, and introduced them more appropriately, his work would have been less tedious and much more read.

The best memoir relative to this family, in every respect, that has been published, is that which Apostolo Zeno has given of the younger Aldus, prefixed to "*Epistole famigliari di Cicerone tradotte.*" 1736, 2 vol. 8vo under the title, *Notizie Manuziane*, and without any list of the Aldine editions. By this short piece, as by many others, he has proved that a good writer may treat of literary history in such a manner as to deprive it, in a great degree, of its dryness and dullness; and his bibliographical and critical works are eminently distinguished from all others of the same kind. We are assured that he had written a complete and methodical work upon the three nutii, but that being robbed of it when preparing it for the press, he could never bring himself to resume it.

Cardinal Brienne, who had long laboured to realize his favorite project of an universal library, caused a catalogue of the Aldine editions to be printed at Pisa, in 1790, which he had methodically arranged, with the assistance of P. Laire, his librarian, who died a short time since at Auxerre, where the library of the department of Yonne had been confided to his care. This list, entitled "*Serie dell' edizioni Aldini*," was reprinted the following year, at Padua, with some additions, and in 1791, at Venice, with the profession of "emendations and additions," which, however, exist only in the title page.

These several works, or rather fragments of works, although numerous, are insufficient. The "*Serie*" presents only an uninteresting list, destitute of notes and pre-

liminary observations. As for the other accounts, they are dispersed in many volumes, the greater part of which are not easily obtained, and which few readers would be tempted to collect. Besides, we should search the whole of these writings in vain, for that succession of clear and precise ideas, without which, all reading becomes painful, and remains unprofitable.

It is therefore hoped, that, to those who take an interest in all that concerns literary history,—who love the typographick art,and those labours which tend to preserve and multiply the productions of genius, the following account will prove acceptable and satisfactory.—[*Monthly Magazine.*]

ALDUS MANUTIUS was born either in 1446 or 1447, but more probably in the latter year, at which time the typographical art, still in its infancy, produced only sheets of designs rudely cut in wood, and accompanied by a few lines of description, still more rudely executed, so that the same period which produced this inestimable art, gave birth to one of its greatest improvers and ornaments.

Some have thought he was born at Rome, because in most of his editions he styles himself Aldus Romanus; but in some of them, we find that his native country is positively ascertained. In the "Thesaurus Cornucopiae," 1496, in the first and second volume of Aristo, 1495—97, he calls himself "Manutius Bassianus," from Bassiano, a small town in the duchy of Sermonetta.

Aldus had the misfortune of being placed under the tuition of an ignorant pedagogue, who, instead of skilfully developing the promising talents of his pupil, uselessly fatigued him, by making him learn grammar out of the "Doctrinale Alexandri de Villa-Dei," a dry and abstruse work, written in barbarous verse. Such was the scarcity of elementary books at that time, that those children destined to receive a liberal education, who had not the happiness of being entrusted to the care of a master capable of removing their difficulties, were obliged to study the ridiculous and unintelligible jargon, honoured by the pompous name of the "Doctrinale." Aldus never forgot how much this book had harrassed him; one of his first literary labours, therefore, was the composition of a Latin grammar,which he first printed in 1501, and of which many editions have since appeared, both from his own press, and from many others in different parts of Europe. During the childhood of Aldus, many Latin grammars had been published less exceptionable than that of Villa Dei; but the Accidence of Aldus totally obliterated all remembrance of that contemptible rhapsody. The grammar of Aldus cannot, indeed, boast either the precision or the analytical order of the best of our modern elementary books, but the Dumarsais,the Condillacs, the great men of the Port Royal had not then appeared: here therefore, as in typography, Aldus has the undoubted merit, of being almost the first, who, by his labours, enabled those that followed him to succeed still better.

He quitted this ignorant master, and came to Rome, to receive lessons of Gaspar de Verona, and of Domizio Calderino, of the same city, both celebrated professors of the Belles-lettres, under whom he made the most rapid progress He cherished a grateful remembrance of their attentions to him, and in several of his prefaces, he gives them testimonies of his great esteem and veneration.

His first studies seem to have been confined to the Latin language, and it was not till he arrived at years of maturity that he applied to Greek. At the time of his leaving Rome in order to return to Ferrara, he took lessons of the celebrated

G.-Batt. Guarini, who there filled the Greek chair in so distinguished a manner. We may judge what progress he made under the care of this able master by his numerous Greek editions, and by his Grammar of that language, which is still studied with much advantage.

He was the literary tutor of Albertus Pius, prince of Carpi, and, though young, discharged that important office, in such a manner as fixed the reputation both of the master and his pupil.

In 1482, Ferrara being besieged by the Venetian army, Aldus quitted that city and retired to Mirandola, the residence of the celebrated Johannes Picus.

Some time afterwards he went to Carpi, to reside near his pupil Albertus Pius. Picus soon joined their society, and it is probable, that, in the literary conferences of these scholars, the project was first formed for the establishment of an excellent printing-office, which should principally be designed to give correct and elegant editions of the best Greek and Latin authors; and in all probability, these two princes, so ardently attached to literature, defrayed the first expenses of this establishment, as the circumstances of Aldus did not enable him to undertake it alone.

Venice appeared to him, from its reigning taste for literature and the arts, the most suitable place for the execution of his favourite plan. He repaired thither in 1488, according to his own account, in his preface to "Aristotelis Organum," fol. 1495, in which he says he had been seven years employed in the arduous undertaking of establishing a press. His first publication was the small poem of Musæus, which he printed in Greek and Latin, in 4to. 1494. This first edition was succeeded by the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, in 4to. published also in 1494.

In 1495, he published a collection of Grammatical treatises by Theodorus, Apollonius and Herodianus, and applied himself diligently in collecting, comparing, and correcting the writings of Aristotle, which had never been published in Greek, although many Latin editions of them had appeared in the 15th century. The first volume of this important work appeared in 1495; it was completed in 1498, and its masterly execution placed Aldus very high both as a printer and as an editor.

During this period he was not employed with the works of Aristotle alone; many other interesting editions issued from his press; in which the just taste which directed his choice is eminently conspicuous. The cotemporary printers, whether at Venice or elsewhere, misled by the prevailing taste of that age, or yielding to interest, printed only books of jurisprudence, or scholastick and mystical works; and very few good ones of ancient literature and philosophy. It was reserved for the genius of Aldus to change this system, and to give a new direction to the press, which from that period produced less scholastick trash; and nothing proved more efficacious towards renewing the universal study of ancient literature, than the resolution of this man, who devoted his whole life to republish its principal works. The writings of Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Homer, &c. &c. which had been hitherto confined to a few learned men, and possessed by few libraries, were thus placed within the reach of every reader.

After having published a collection of Greek editions, for the execution of which he had so much desired the establishment of a press, he employed himself with the literary

master-pieces of ancient and modern Rome: and the classical works which he intended to publish in that language, were preceded by a Latin Grammar of his own. That his works might be read by others as well as scholars by profession, and not at the desk alone,or in libraries, he formed the excellent design of printing a collection of classicks, in 8vo (Enchiridii forma) which,in one convenient, cheap, and portable volume,should contain almost as much as a quarto, or a folio. To attain this end, he at first invented a type, the idea of which we are assured was suggested by the writing of Petrarca, and concerting with Francis de Bologna, a skilful engraver, who had drawn and engraved all the other types belonging to his press, he caused him to execute this well known italick, the first which was ever made of the kind. and which for a long time was called "Aldino," from his name.

In 1501, appeared his Virgil, in 8vo. the first book printed in the new type, which was soon generally used. This little italick of Aldus, so different from the Gothick or Semigothick, caused a revolution in the press. Patents for the exclusive use of it were granted to Aldus for ten years. in 1502,by the senate of Venice; and,in the same year, by Pope Alexander VI. This patent was renewed for fifteen years by Julius II. in 1513, and again by Leo. X. in the following November; and besides these patents for his type, Aldus obtained others, for his numerous editions.

From the year 1502, some printers at Lyons counterfeited the 8vo. editions of Aldus, in Latin and Italian, as they were published. There appeared successively, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Petrarca, Juvenal, and Persius, Martial, Lucan, Ovid, &c. &c. These editions of the same form, printed in a neat, though rather *heavy* italic, were without date, and without any kind of mark; but every thing was copied in them, even the prefaces which Aldus,or his editors, generally placed at the beginning of them.

During the years 1501-2-3-4-5, the Aldine press was constantly employed, and successively published the best Greek, Latin and Italian authors; and each month produced at least a volume either in folio or octavo. "Mille et amplius alicujus boni autoris volumina singulo quoque mense emittimus ex Academia nostra," he says in his preface to Euripides, 8vo. 1503.

Every thing in these books was excellent; as to their literary merit, they were master pieces: and typographically examined, the composition will be found to be even and well displayed, the press-work of a fine colour, and almost always uniform; the ink of so excellent a quality, that it still retains all the brilliancy of its varnish,and is far superiour in this respect, to that of the rivals of the Aldi, the Giunti of Florence, who printed upon paper, made with too little size, and with a gray ink, and so bad, that after three centuries, it still sets off under the binder's hammer.

Aldus was conscious that the task, which he had imposed upon himself, exceeded the powers of one man, and that his most assiduous labours were not sufficient for the collation and correction of so many different texts, which were almost all published from very faulty manuscripts.

Well knowing the extent of his undertaking, and too modest to wish to seem to do all by himself, he was soon surrounded by the most learned men of his age, who emulously lent their assistance in opening the sanc-

tuary of letters, and in rendering it accessible to every reader. Some, solely for the pleasure of serving their friend, seconded him in his useful and important labours; others received some pecuniary recompence; some even lived in his house free from all expense.

This society of distinguished men was called "Aldi Neacademia," for which name it was was indebted to Aldus. At fixed periods, all the members assembled at his house, to discuss interesting literary questions, and particularly to consider of the best choice of books to be printed, of manuscripts to be consulted, and which readings of doubtful passages were to be preferred. This academy, established about the year 1500, was of short duration, yet during the period of its existence, it was of great utility to literature. As it was merely an association of learned men, and not a regular establishment (in which vacancies could easily be replaced,) it naturally soon dissolved by the death and dispersion of its members. Aldus preserved an ardent desire to form a new society of the same kind; but he died without having realized his favourite project.

Amongst the number of learned men, who seconded the exertions of Aldus, were Andrea Navagero, a Venetian senator; Pietro Bembo, afterwards cardinal; Daniello Rinieri, Marino Saunto, and Angelo Saunto, Venetian senators; Pietro Alcionio; G B. Egnatio, professor of eloquence at Venice; Marcus Musurus; Albertus Pius, prince of Carpi; Demetrius Chalcondylus, Girol, Aleandro, and Erasmus.——The acquaintance between this eminent scholar and Aldus, commenced in a singular manner. Erasmus, being at Bologna, with the intention of publishing his collection of Adages, wrote to Aldus, requesting him to print it. Aldus was gratified by the proposition. Erasmus having arrived at Venice, his first care was to visit the learned printer: a stranger, and consequently unknown to the domesticks of Aldus, it was some time before he was introduced. Aldus, engaged in his office, was in no haste to admit this visitor, who he thought might be some troublesome person of the city. At length, informed it was Erasmus, he flew to intreat his pardon, and received him as a man, for whom he already entertained the highest respect.

He without delay set about printing the collection of Adages; in the preface to which, he says, that he had deferred many Greek and Latin authors, to publish this excellent work more expeditiously.

The assistance of so many learned men, contributed to the perfection of the Aldine editions; and far from diminishing the glory of the conductor of these difficult labours, it rendered it more permanent. The publick well know where to bestow its patronage; and whilst it distinguished the learned editors, who rendered the reading the master pieces of ancient literature more easy, it neglected not the laborious and enlightened printer, who, himself an excellent editor, directed every work, and contributed so effectually to its proper execution.

Aldus was careful to render every one his tribute of grateful praise. His prefaces mention with distinction, those who assisted him, or those to whom he was indebted for more correct or unedited manuscripts. As he did much himself, he was not ashamed of being under obligations to others.

To the printing of Greek, Latin and Italian books, he wished to add that of works in the Hebrew language. He had already given in

the Latin Grammar of 1501, his "Introductio perbrevis ad Hebraicam Linguam," which was often reprinted with this grammar and with that of Lascaris. This first attempt was only the prelude to a far more extensive and highly important undertaking. He was desirous of giving the text of the Holy Scriptures in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, (in three columns,) of a folio size. In one of his letters written at Venice, 1501, to Currado Celta, and to Vincenzio Longino, he says; "Vetus et novum Testamentum Graece, Latine et Hebraice nondum impressi, sed parturio." Of this important project he executed only one proof sheet, of which a copy (perhaps the only one which has escaped destruction) is preserved amongst the manuscripts in the National Library of France; it possesses great beauty, and it is much to be lamented, that the disturbed state of those times, and the cavils, which, Aldus says, were raised against him by the envious, prevented his realizing this project of being the first composer of a polyglot Bible; he would have surpassed, both in elegance and correctness, that which was printed at Complutum in 1514-15-17, by the labours, and at the expense of the learned Cardinal Ximenes, who was perhaps indebted to the proof-sheet of Aldus for the first idea of bringing together the Holy-Scripture in several different languages upon a single page.

About the year 1500, Aldus married the daughter of Andrea Torresano, a native of Asola, who had been a printer for twenty years at Venice, with some reputation. Aldus received pecuniary assistance from his father-in-law, who, being more opulent, furnished him with the means of extending his concerns.

In 1506, the war which desolated part of Europe, and particularly Italy, obliged Aldus to quit Venice, and consequently to suspend the labours of his press. He had been deprived of considerable property, and this year was employed in endeavours to recover it; but his exertions were fruitless, and as he was returning to Venice from Milan, to which place he had been called by several learned men, he had the ill fortune to be stopped by a party of the Duke of Mantua's soldiers, who, believing him to be some spy, or at least a suspicious character, conducted him to a prison at Caneto, a town in the duchy of Mantua. Through the kindness and intercession of Jaffredo Caralo, vice chancellor of the senate of Milan, who was one of those that had entreated him to visit that city, he was quickly released, and procured the restoration of a part of his property.

It is probable that the loss of the greatest part of his possessions, and the inconvenience, which so long an absence occasioned, were the principal causes of his associating with Andrea of Asola, whose pecuniary assistance was become more necessary than ever. In 1507 he resumed his labours, but under the embarrasments, which want of money must have produced; the year after, his father-in-law relieved his distress by taking a part in his business.

In the years 1510 and 1511, no Aldine edition appeared. The disastrous war, which so many potentates of Europe were carrying on against the republick of Venice, caused this long interval. His office was at length re-opened in 1512, the year when his third son, Paulus Manutius, was born, "Pridie Idus Junii." He had three other children; the eldest, Manutio de' Manutii, was a priest and lived at Asola,

on the family estate, beloved by his brother Paulus, who frequently neglected the labours of his press, to visit him. The second son, Anthony, cultivated letters, and if not a printer, as some have asserted, was at least a bookseller at Bologna, where he published several editions, and died in that city, in 1558 or 1559. We are ignorant of the dates of their births, and of that of a daughter of Aldus, whose name is likewise unknown, and concerning whom we are only informed by a letter of Paulus Manutius, that she married Julio Catone, of Mantua, and had a son of the same name. The name of the wife of Aldus is also unknown.

Aldus published many editions in 1513 and 1514; he was preparing a greater number, when in 1515 death snatched him away from literature and from his family, at the age of 70. His four children, who were under age, were educated by their mother at Asola, under the guardianship of their grandfather who took the direction of the printing office, and conducted it together with his sons Francesco, and Federico, until his death in 1529.

We can scarcely form an idea of the ardent passion, with which Aldus engaged in the reproduction of the great works of ancient literature. At this period of the revival of letters, and of the infancy of typography, most of the best ancient authors were not yet reprinted, and were consequently scarce and excessively expensive. If Aldus dicovered any manuscript, still unedited, or which might improve a text already printed, he suffered it not to escape him. He spared no expense, solicitation, or trouble; and he had the satisfaction of seeing, that exertions were made by the learned men of his time, to gratify his wishes, by bringing within his reach, frequently without solicitation on his part, such excellent manuscripts, as might assist his labours.

Independently of all that he did, both as a printer and an editor, besides the prefaces and dissertations written in exceeding good Latin, and some in Greek, which he placed at the beginning of his editions, Aldus has left many works to establish his literary reputation. In 1501, he published his Latin Grammar, which, though not the first that appeared, as Sallengre and some others have asserted, was certainly the best and most useful of any, which had till that time been published.—The Greek Grammar, which long engaged his attention, ought to have appeared before the Latin one; but he did not completely finish it, and it did not appear till after his death in 1515, when it was revised and published by his friend M. Musuro.

To his second edition of Horace, he prefixed an excellent treatise, "de metris Horatianis," the knowledge of which, was not till that time sufficiently precise or determined. He displayed so much learning in this little work, that it has since been reprinted several times, even in the course of the last century, and particularly in the large edition of Dr. Combe, in 1792.

His promise of giving some notes on Oppian and Virgil he did not fulfil.——His first work was the Greek Alphabet, printed in 1495, as a supplement to the Greek Grammar of Lascaris. This was afterwards published with some additions, along with his introduction to the study of the Hebrew language.—A more important work is his Greek and Latin Dictionary, printed first in 1497, folio, with several curious short tracts on grammar, and afterwards in 1524, folio, with

a large number of these curious tracts, aud many additions in the body of the dictionary, supplied by the care of Frederick d'Asola.

This book, which has been succeeded by many other better, and more complete lexicons, is now only considered as a typographical curiosity ; but we ought to recollect the time in which it was printed,and not forget that it was the first vocabulary of the Greek language, fit for the use of learners.

Aldus translated into Latin the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, the Batrachomyomachia, attributed to Homer,the sentences of Phocylides, and the Golden Verses, which are ascribed to Pythagoras. The Latin version of Esop, and of Gabrias, printed in his very scarce folio edition of 1505, is likewise his work, as well as the Life of Aratus,which is printed in the Collection of ancient Astronomers, 1499, folio.—There is also a tract of his "De vitiata Vocalium, et Diphthongorum Prolatione," which is found with the work of his grandson, "Orthographiae Ratio," 1566,8vo. In "Rei rusticae Auctores" printed in 1514 and in 1533, there is also a small work of six pages, "De duobus Dierum Generibus."

In his Statius, printed in 1502, and again in 1519, is a tract by him, entitled, "Orthographia et flexus dictionum Græcarum omnium apud Statium, cum accentibus et generibus ex variis utriusque linguae autoribus," with a preface to M. Musurus, in which he thanks him for the assistance which he had afforded him, in completing this little work, and he adds : "Non est moris nostri fraudare quenquam laude." He also wrote a Life of Ovid, "ex ipsius libris excerpta," prefixed to the volume of Metamorphoses, edit. 1502, and at the beginning of the "Libri Amatorii," in the two following editions of 1515—16, 1533—34.

The edition of 1502, contains some notes upon Ovid ; but they were not preserved in two following ones. Of the vast number of letters, occasioned by the correspondence,which he maintained with most of the learned men in Europe, only a few have been published. Many of these unedited letters, both publick and private, are still preserved in the libraries of Italy.

It seems incredible that Aldus could attend, at one time, to so many different pursuits. Immediately on his arrival at Venice, he undertook to read and explain,publickly, the best Greek and Latin authors, to a numerous assembly of young auditors ; and for several years he continued these publick lectures, even at the time when his press most claimed his attention.

His reputation surrounded him with a crowd of visitors, some of whom were attracted by his intelligent conversation ; whilst others were merely desirous of gratifying idle curiosity. Though Aldus was universally esteemed, and enjoyed a justly acquired reputation, he was not placed beyond the reach of criticism ; some errours have been discovered in his editions. About the end of the fifteenth century, the learned and unfortunate peofessor at Bologna, Urceus Codrus, who died in 1500, complained of the errours which Aldus had left uncorrected in his Greek editions ; he likewise blames him for selling his books so dear, and for leaving such large and useless margins. But as the works of Aldus were well printed, upon excellent paper, they were certainly of more value than the inaccurate editions of many of his contemporaries ; and the little property which

he left to his children, proves the injustice of the reproach. Gruter, in his Observations upon Pliny's Letters, complains that Aldus has given too much licence to his conjectures. J. A. Ernesti, in the preface to his excellent edition of Homer, 1759–64, 5 vols. 8vo. pretends that the three Aldine editions of Homer, and particularly the last, were very incorrect. In the preface to his Tacitus, he goes still farther: "Observatum est a viris doctis Aldum sæpe priores editiones non auxisse, nisi vitiis operarum." These complaints may in some measure be retaliated, for the Homer of this learned editor is not exempt from faults; his Tacitus, valuable as it may be, is far from correct; and his edition of the Latin Bibliotheca of Fabricius, 1773—74, 3 vols. 8vo. is so faulty, that in the use of it much discretion is necessary. It is certainly true, that the Greek editions of Aldus are generally less correct than his Latin or Italian ones; it is also true, that he has not always been happy in the choice of his readings, and that some of his editions are not printed from a correct text; that of the lesser works of Plutarch, 1509, folio, is not good, but he wanted better materials. The edition of Lucian, 1503, folio, must be admitted to be far inferiour to that of Florence, 1496: but to judge impartially, the state of ancient literature at that time should be considered. When Aldus was able to collect different manuscripts, he compared them with each other; but he was very often obliged to print from imperfect and mutilated copies. Ought he, as he possessed only one bad manuscript of Hesychius, to have determined not to publish that excellent Lexicon, the only existing copy of which so many unforeseen accidents might have destroyed? How many works of antiquity would have been lost, if the first, perhaps almost unintelligible fragments, which were discovered in the dust of old libraries, had not been printed without loss of time.

Typographical correctness certainly depends upon the printer; but it is generally found, that this is more difficult to be obtained in Greek editions, than in works written in a language more generally known. Let these slight errours be compared with all the important labours of Aldus, and let it be recollected, that some few of the great works, or some brilliant actions, of celebrated men are frequently mentioned, whilst the rest of their lives and writings are passed over in silence; whereas all the numerous editions of Aldus have been critically examined in order that a few faults might be detected, which should justify the censures of the critick; notwithstanding which, Aldus is justly and universally considered as deserving of the first rank in the list of printers either ancient or modern.

The Aldine editions, and particularly the Greek ones, have been frequently consulted by the first editors, in preference to later ones; as can be shewn amongst many other authorities, by that of the learned Brunck. In his Greek editions of Aristophanes, and of Sophocles, &c. he gives to those of Aldus unqualified praise, and declares them to be the foundation of every future edition. The fault, of which Aldus has been accused, of taking too great license in his corrections, might be imputed more justly to his immediate successors. Andrea of Asola, and his two sons, who though also learned, were much less skilful, and have given more than one inferiour edition, particularly in Greek.

The Oppian of 1517, and some other of their works, are proofs that if they had not succeeded Aldus, they would not have been considered as eminent printers. Their editions, however, are not to be contemned; and with the exception of a few, they merit the attention of the learned, whilst their great rarity and splendid execution render them valuable to the admirers of ancient literature.

Amongst those who consult the Aldine editions, some exclusively prefer those of the elder Aldus; others admit the authority of those published previous to the year 1529, the period of the death of Andrea of Asola; but a greater number, independently of the great value which they attach to almost all the editions published during the thirty three first years, esteem most of those also of Paulus Manutius, and a few only of those by the younger Aldus, and those afterwards printed, previous to the year 1597, (when the younger Aldus died) with the Aldine anchor, and in the same office by Nic. Manassi. The editions of the elder Aldus are undoubtedly scarcer than those of a more recent date; they are frequently better printed, and upon excellent paper; they have also this singular advantage, that being printed from manuscripts, which are since lost, they, in a great measure, supply their place, and are more faithful copies of them, than the editions of the fifteenth century, most of which were published by less learned editors; yet the early Aldine editions seldom contain a text more carefully revised than the subsequent ones.

The editions of the latter years of Paulus Manutius, and of his son, the younger Aldus, are far less valuable, both on account of the want of typographical neatness and accuracy; they also too frequently bear evident marks of the parsimony with which they were brought out.

Before the time of Aldus, the Greek characters, confined to some few offices, were rudely cut and ill-formed; Aldus, was the first, who examining with attention the form of the letters of the best ancient manuscripts, furnished his office with a letter more pleasing to the eye; from which, with some few corrections, all the best Greek types have since been formed. As to the Roman type, it is well known that Jenson and Vindelin de Spire, after having used the round letters, which founded their reputation, till the year 1472, were obliged to resume both Gothick and Semi-Gothick characters, to suit the great number of readers, accustomed to the use of ancient manuscripts; most of the Germans also prefer even now the rude shape of this Gothick, to the neater and more elegant Roman letter. Aldus would admit no Gothick among his types; he constantly endeavoured to imitate manuscripts; that is those in the best running hand, which suggested to him the idea of the Italick character. His Roman letters were cast nearly in the form which was at first adopted by Vindelin de Spire. The two first alphabets were very imperfect, but the third is excellent, and far superiour, of its kind, to many modern ones.

Having furnished his office with a numerous assortment of excellent Greek and Latin types, and having put it in full activity, he thought it right to adopt a particular mark for his house, to decorate the first or last page of his books, and frequently both. This mark, well known to be an anchor, surrounded by a dolphin, is justly celebrated in the annals of typography, under the

name of the Aldine anchor. It is perhaps the best chosen mark which any printer ever adopted, and it is particularly suitable to him, who first determined that it should decorate his editions. The dolphin intimates swiftness, on account of the rapidity, with which it cuts the water. The anchor, on the contrary, is a mark of stability and firmness; which justly indicates, that in the prosecution of any pursuit, unceasing labour is necessary, united with deliberate reflection; a due degree of consideration in the formation of plans, but great celerity in their execution is well expressed by the Latin adage 'Festina lente.' To the anchor was attached his name divided. This mark was long employed exactly as Aldus had at first formed it. His sons having, in 1540, separated from those of Andrea, did not immediately change it; and with their new formula, 'apud Aldi filios,' they were satisfied with a fresh engraving of the ancient anchor. At length, in 1546, its simple form underwent a considerable change, in which the words, 'Aldi filii,' were substituted for 'Aldus.'

The greater part of the books, printed from the year 1546 to 1554, bear this new mark, which Paulus Manutius disused in 1555, probably at the period when he became sole master of the office. He afterwards resumed the simple anchor, which in the following years he sometimes surrounded with an oval ornament.

The younger Aldus, dissatisfied with his cousin's adopting the same mark, distinguished his editions by a very complicated one, and on the back of the leaf, he sometimes added the portrait of his grandfather, with a notice, that the edition was really Manutian; sometimes also, instead of the anchor, he affixed this portrait of the elder Aldus to the title page. His own is placed upon the title page of "Pauli Manutii Antiquitatum Liber de Senatu, 1581, 4to."

The anchor of Aldus attracted the attention of many printers, some of whom were desirous of enhancing the value of their editions, by placing in them, either the exact copy of this mark, or some one similar. Others less scrupulous forged it, and endeavoured to publish their editions as from the Aldine press. This mark of Aldus, with a few alterations, has frequently been adopted, by different printers, in the list of whom might be mentioned, Thierry Martin, Nicolas le Riche; at Venice, Hieronimo Scoto; at Brescia, Francesco and Pietro-Maria Marchetti; at Geneva, Jean Crespin and Eustache Vignon, &c. &c. &c.

Such are the principal events in the life of Aldus the Elder, a man whose classical knowledge and critical skill were surpassed only by his unwearied exertions, and continued labours, in the cause of literature. These ensured him reputation and distinction whilst living, nor is it at all likely, that the deserved veneration which has so long been attached to his name, will be lost, or even impaired, while classical literature shall possess one sincere votary.

For the Anthology.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE 35th REMARKER.

Sir,

I CANNOT sufficiently admire your disinterestedness; that when, as you gravely tell us, you have already produced an ode superiour to Gray's on Spring, you should yet be willing to reduce the estimation in which he is held, purely out of regard to the interests of literature. Indeed, Sir, I fear that the publick will not be so impartial either toward Gray, or his imitator.

The relative merit of this poet is a mere question of taste. I am charged, however, with having misrepresented Dr. Johnson; and this is a question of fact. If it was extravagant to assert, that he found *nothing* in Collins, but clusters of consonants, let us see what he allows him beside. He acknowledges, forsooth, that "his mind was *not deficient* in fire;" (admirable parsimony of doubtful praise!) and that "his *efforts* produced in *happier* moments, sublimity and splendour." The Doctor, lest he should be betrayed into excessive commendation, has contrived to bestow even this penurious praise on qualities, which Collins hardly possessed. Neither sublimity nor splendour is characterisick of Collins, but a delicacy of imagery, a tenderness, melancholy, and abstract elegance of sentiment, which Johnson was either unable, or unwilling to observe.

When I ventured to say, that "if Pindar and Horace were poets, so too is Gray," it was not, as you seem to think, because they all wrote odes; but, as I attempted to show in the course of the essay, because they all have the same beauties, and, if you choose, the same faults. That there are no obscurities in either of them, which can long delay a reader of taste or attention, I am willing to believe; but that they have every where shades of meaning, and refinements of expression, the full beauty of which never reaches the sense of careless or vulgar minds, you love poetry I hope too well to deny. Thus in the Greek poet, whom Gray has imitated in the passage quoted, the phrase "the light of love shines on her purple cheeks" is poetical enough; but Gray though not more obscure, is, I will venture to say, far more poetical. For in describing a goddess what is there unnatural or far-fetched in supposing the light, which encircles the features of this celestial being, to be tinged with the purple glow, which love diffuses over her cheeks? You may say, that this is to write like nobody but Gray. His admirers would not murmur if it were so; but they are reminded of Virgil—

Namque ipsa decoram
Cæsariem nato genitrix, *lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores.
ÆN. I. 594.

To defend the opinion of Burke would lead me into a discussion too long and metaphysical, as well as remote from the criticism expected in an essay. If you have lately read

the last part of his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, and have examined the examples which he has there adduced, I must be allowed to wonder, that you should yet maintain that the *strength* of the impression, which we receive from poetical language always depends upon the exactness of the images conveyed. In lyrick poetry this is seldom the case ; because this kind of poetry is chiefly employed about ideas generated within the mind, if the expression may be allowed, and consequently always in some degree obscure to those, whose intellects have not been exercised in similar contemplations. It is the character of this kind of poetry " to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name ;" and the force of the words used, often depends upon some fine associations and remote sympathies, with which the canvas has nothing to do. What is there absurd or unphilosophical in supposing, that an abstract word may excite a train of delicate and poetical associations in the mind, so as to affect it with sensible emotion, without presenting a definite picture ? The reading of every man will furnish him with instances.*

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* A passage from Burke may be opposed to the *assertion* of your anonymous reviewer of his treatise.

" By words we have it in our power to make such *combinations* as we cannot possibly do otherwise By this power of combining we are able, by the addition of well chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object. In painting we may represent any fine figure we please ; but we never can give it those enlivening touches which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man winged : but what painting can furnish any thing so grand as the addition of one word, " the angel of the *Lord ?*" It is true, I have here no clear idea ; but these words affect the mind more than the sensible image did ; which is all I contend for. A picture of Priam dragged to the altar's foot, and there murdered, if it were well executed, would undoubtedly be very moving ; but there are aggravating circumstances, which it could never represent :

Sanguine fœdantem quos ipse sacraverat *ignes.*

As a further instance, let us consider those lines of Milton, where he describes the travels of the fallen angels through their dismal habitation :

——*O'er many a dark and dreary vale*
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous ;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp ;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death.

Here is displayed the force of union in

Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades :

which yet would lose the greatest part of the effect, if they were not the

Rocks, caves, lakes, dens, bogs, fens, and shades——of Death.

This idea or this affection caused by a word, which nothing but a word could annex to the others, raises a very great degree of the sublime ; and this sublime is raised yet higher by what follows, a " *universe of Death.*" Here are again two ideas not presentable but by language ; and an union of them great and amazing beyond conception ; if they may properly be called ideas which present no distinct image to the mind ; but still it will be difficult to conceive how words can move the passions which belong to real objects, without representing these objects clearly. This is difficult to us, because we do not sufficiently distinguish, in our observations upon language, between a clear expression, and a strong expression."

Now the emotion which this picture excites, results not merely from the images of *touch* and *motion*, conveyed by the epithets *warm* cheek, and *rising* bosom, which are of course inapplicable to the canvas; but from the charming associations enveloped in the phrases of the second line, including ideas of youth, health, fragrance, lightness, ardour, grace, and lustre, with which this celestial being is instantly encircled in the imagination of every reader of taste and feeling.

If you seriously inquire for the propriety or meaning of the epithet *liquid* in the line you have quoted, you will see, by reading the language of the aërial forms in the next stanza, that it means smooth, melodious, worthy of the skies; and this indeed is neither remarkably poetical, nor is it vulgar. But what shall we think of that criticism, which, to depreciate the force of Gray's numbers, resorts to examples taken from the little jeu d'esprit on the drowning of a cat, and searches several odes for false rhymes, when more than half as many may be produced from the single ode of Dryden on Alexander's feast. Once more; either you or I have mistaken the mode of referring to the ode on the progress of poesy; for the passage to which I referred is the third stanza of the first ternary, and not of the third; which you may still think however no better than doggerel. There are some ears, which cannot distinguish between a jig and the movements in an oratorio; or, in American phrase, between Old Hundred and Yankee Doodle.

The admirers of Gray will not only consent to be laughed at, but will even join in the luugh, when you shall produce your parody of the Bard. But they are not now first to learn that the highest sublimity is most susceptible of being burlesqued. Even the passage in Genesis, which extorted the admiration of Longinus, might be "successfully imitated," at least in his own opinion, by the man, who should say, "make a fire in my chamber, and the fire was made." You have closed your letter with a benevolent wish, which I beg leave to reciprocate with a little variation; that instead of employing your acknowledged talents as a poet, in burlesque imitations of Gray, you would have the goodness to give us an ode equal to the Bard.

THE AUTHOR OF THE REMARKER, NO. 34.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 36.

. . . . Dicenda tacendaque calles?

A DESCRIPTION of the several classes of talkers, as in a former number of the different kinds of thinkers, might afford the readers of the Remarker no small share of entertainment. The man who spends his breath *gratis*, when he has nothing to say; the polite, who thinks it necessary to fill up, with any refuse from his store-house, every chasm in discourse, from the dread of a chilling pause;

he who is silent on topicks with which he is familiar, and he who aims to be learned on those of which he is ignorant ; the long story teller, and the artificial wit, might all have their places assigned in the new classification of talkers. But certain circumstances have led me, instead of a scientifick arrangement and analysis, to offer, in the present number, such loose hints as have occurred to *me*, and have been suggested by *others*.

Taciturnity is often interpreted as a mark of wisdom ; and its opposite is estimated according to the ability of the loquacious to please or instruct. It is singular, that we should often discover the most positive significancy in silence, and brand him for a blockhead, who, in his social intercourse, sometimes overleaps the bounds of discretion. A wise man, however, while he is too proud to expose his ignorance, is generally willing to impart his knowledge ; and if he become a mere listener, when the discourse turns on subjects that are familiar to him, we are authorised to class him among those captious cynicks, who delight to prey upon the absurdities of mankind. But, there is in some, a reserve that cannot be accounted for, either from pride or affectation ; a reserve wholly constitutional, and which, if it can ever be entirely subdued, cannot be overcome without effort. This natural disposition is often cherished and confirmed by habits of seclusion ; and hence it is, that we sometimes find the scholar, who has never relished the beauties of ancient or modern literature, except in his study, unable, at the literary fair, to hold competition with those, who have been accustomed to bring their wares to market. Still less can he expect to rival the literary fop, who knows precisely what is in demand, and who, though he has as few changes of dialogue as the finical gentleman has of dress in his wardrobe, is very knowing in what will certainly please.

The Remarker thinks it proper to communicate to his readers, certain complaints, from different correspondents, of the awkward situation, in which they have severally been placed by the pedantry, affectation, or ignorance of those with whom they have occasionally associated.

Mr. Remarker,

I am one of your plain, sedentary scholars, read my Latin and Greek, and am not altogether insensible to the pleasures arising from the study of modern belles-lettres. But I seldom commit to memory the fine sayings of the ancients, and cannot repeat two couplets from any modern poet. What I would chiefly complain of is, that a shallow fellow of my acquaintance, who has procured a *gradus ad sententiolas*, Dodd's beauties of Shakespeare, and several other excellent books to abridge the labour of reading, is continually, wherever I meet with him, interlarding his discourse with passages drawn at second hand from great writers, by means of his *scholar's assistants*. Sometimes he will pretend to forget whence he has procured those treasures, which he lavishes with such profusion. "It is Horace, Sir," he has said to me more than once, when justifying the levities of which he has been guilty, "it is Horace, I think, who says ; *dulce est desipere in loco.*" "Is it not Virgil, who observes, in speaking of the happiness of agricultural life ; *O fortunatos nimium, &c.*" "Juvenal, if I remember rightly, has, what I would apply to this remarkable genius (such for instance as a

juggler or rope dancer,) "*rara avis in terris, &c.*" Such rattle may be very well borne once; but my misfortune is, that, apprehending me to be a scholar, he persecutes me with this same sort of entertainment, in whatever company we meet. It is true, he always gives warning of the attack to be made on my patience; for, like a certain Italian poet I have read of, he invariably has the same exordium. Now, Sir, is it right, that these superficial coxcombs, who have acquired a small, jumbled miscellany, should be suffered at pleasure to retail the little stories of their memory to the annoyance of those, who have some relish for the intercommunity of social and literary discourse. The gentleman will probably know this sketch of his picture; though he has set for it so often, that it might have been drawn much nearer to perfection. With this conviction, I shall neither expose his name, nor subscribe my own.

Yours, &c.

To the Remarker.

SIR,

I am a widowed lady, who have been persuaded by my female friends, to send my daughter to a boarding school, to learn what are called the accomplishments. I had the good fortune to receive a tolerable education under the care of my parents; but I was utterly astonished at the novelty, exhibited by the directress of the institution, in the use of terms and in the application of her knowledge. At my first interview, she placed such a host of "tall opaque words" between me and her meaning, that I was more than once on the point of making my escape. Having occasion to speak of some of that class of misses, commonly called romps, and the vexation they caused her, she exclaimed with infinite dignity, "O, that I could revive the *ostracism!*" In relating to me the stupidity of a pupil in performing a problem on the globe, she burst into a sublime apostrophe to the immortal Newton, and lamented that prodigious disparity of intellect, in consequence of which, few could learn even a small portion of all that he discovered.

I am no enemy, Sir, to a modest display of the little learning that our sex is permitted to acquire; but I would pray to be delivered from such a wanton misapplication of it, as I have witnessed in the lady I have mentioned. In truth nothing is more disgusting to those of either sex, who have any knowledge or taste, than a female pedant. She is entitled to more praise, who applies her philosophy to improvements in domestick economy, than the woman, who acquires just learning enough to expose herself to the ridicule of a satirist; who stores her memory with trite axioms of the ancients, which she finds in magazines, with the history of institutions for which she makes some absurd parallels; or with that mere scum of science, which serves only to excite the contempt of the learned.

I am, Sir, Yours,

SOPHIA.

My friend Mythologos has examined every niche in the Pantheon, and is perfectly acquainted with the genealogy of every God and Goddess acknowledged by the ancients. He often complains of the ignorance of his associates in the fabulous history of Greece and Rome, and has more than once felt a glow of shame upon his cheek for the ludicrous blunders he has witnessed. The following letter to the Remarker shews how much a man of his sensi-

bility is wounded by that stupidity, which, to ordinary men, is a source of diversion.

SIR,

I was the other day paying a visit to a good neighbour of mine, who had a son just returned from college. The young gentleman took the liberty to compliment his sisters by telling them they were "the very pictures of Hygeia herself." The father, not willing to appear ignorant of that personage, said, hastily, "Ah, that was the fellow that had a hundred heads!" "Oh, no my dear," replied his gentle wife, "that monster was the Hydra." My good humoured friend was by no means discomposed, and contented himself with exclaiming, "How much education is improved since my time!" It may not be entirely useless to give this a place in one of your future numbers. It may tend to check some in the impertinent and ill-timed use of what learning they have, and prevent those who have none, from a needless and ridiculous confession of their ignorance.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
MYTHOLOGOS.

It is not the pedantick, the superficial, and the ignorant only, who evince sometimes that they know not when to speak, and when to be silent. There is a sort of men in all professions, who are desirous of appearing to be profound in every thing. You will sometimes hear a lawyer or physician imparting to divines what he considers a novel explanation of a text of scripture, with which the mere *catechumen* in biblical criticism is better acquainted than he; and the clergyman laying down with no small parade political axioms, as trite as the common appellations of contending parties. Such men, in their particular vocations, where they excel, are very calm and unobtrusive, and are willing to see their inferiours contending for victory. But bring them to the ground where their competency is questionable, to a contest in which they are thought to have an inferiour, or at most but an equal chance for the prize, and, no longer remaining careless spectators, they enter the lists with all the zeal of youthful combatants.

This is a topick on which the Remarker might enlarge; but he has answered the intention of this number, if he have brought into view, by the aid of his correspondents, without aiming at personality, certain characters who shall recognise themselves, and take a friendly hint. Advice, though when administered gratuitously to individuals it is seldom palateable, when offered at random, can neither be offensive in itself, nor impertinent in him who bestows it.

The Remarker, therefore, would recommend to all gentlemen who are in the habit of enlivening every subject with a quotation, to repeat, according to the best of their recollection, and seldom to appeal to another for their verbal correctness, for the work whence the passage is taken, or the name of the author. His fair sisters he would guard equally against an excessive or affected timidity in the use of their knowledge, and a needless, pedantick display of it. The ignorant he would advise to listen with apparent wisdom to the learned; and the learned to acknowledge, what may otherwise be discovered to their mortification, that in some things they have their superiours.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Rome, February 25, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD commenced in my last letter a short topographical description of modern Rome. I have spoken of its size, its surface, and general form and appearance. Something has been said also of its mountains, or rather as we should call them, hills.

The Monte Celio, or Mons Celius, is no otherwise remarkable at the present day, than as being the scite of the famous church of St. John in Laterano, the second church of Rome in point of splendour, and the oldest in Christendom as the catholicks pretend. Whatever may be the justice of its pretensions in this respect, they are so far admitted by the Apostolick see, that the ceremony of the induction of the pope is always performed in this church, to the great prejudice of its proud sister, St Peter's.

In the early ages of Rome, this mountain was called the mountain of Oaks, on account of its being covered with a thick forest; it is said to have derived its present name from Celius, who, according to Tacitus, brought succours to Tarquin the ancient in his war against the Sabines. It would not be an injury to Rome, if it were again covered with oaks, since it embraces a portion, which is among the most deserted, and seems from that cause to cast a gloom over the rest of the city.

The Aventine mount is not worthy of notice on account of any remarkable modern edifices; its extent is very considerable, and its heighth has been as little impaired as any of these famous hills.

The Mons Quirinalis is situated in the most populous part of modern Rome; it is in fact covered with fine streets and magnificent edifices, but it is most distinguished by being the seat of the papal palace, in which the pope always actually resides. Upon occasions of great splendour and solemnity, the Vatican is preferred, but the constant domestick establishment of the pope is at the Quirinal palace. It is a most beautiful and noble hill, and gives an air of grandeur to this city, of which no other city of Europe can boast.

Though the Mons Janiculus was not considered as one of the seven hills, on which ancient Rome was said to have been built, (probably because it was on the opposite side of the river from the others, and rather without the populous part of the city,) yet it always formed, and still forms a very important and interesting portion of the metropolis. It is now inferiour to none of the other hills in point of splendour, since it has the honour to support the incomparable palace of the Vat-

ican, and the metropolitan church of St Peter's. These edifices, so beautiful, so magnificent, so princely, so filled with relicks of ancient art, and with the incomparable productions of modern genius, would alone be sufficient to bestow distinction and consequence upon any hill or any city, in which they should be placed.

The Tiber, so celebrated by ancient poets, so deserving of interest for having watered the first city in the world, is often spoken of contemptuously by modern travellers. It has been called a little, contemptible, muddy rivulet. What pleasure these gentlemen literati can take in thus calumniating this noble stream, I cannot conceive ; for my own part, I have a different feeling on the subject, and as the Tiber fully answered my expectations, and responded to the descriptions of it in classick writers, I think it worthy of a few lines of description, from which you will be able to form an opinion for yourself.

The Tiber takes its rise about one hundred and fifty miles from the Mediterranean, though it is navigable for boats, *only* to the distance of one hundred miles from that sea. At Rome, it is about three hundred feet wide at the narrowest point, and from Rome to the ocean is navigable for large ships. It is a fact, that a British frigate some years since ascended to the city, and landed there the dutchess of Cumberland, the widow of the late duke of Cumberland, brother to the present king of Great Britain. At Rome, the river is exceedingly rapid, but from thence to the ocean its course is very lazy, and considerably impeded by quicksands and mud, which are deposited by the stream, and are frequently shifting their position and quantity. Its navigation or shipping is not extensive, considering the immense population of this city ; it is principally carried on in feluccas of from thirty to sixty tons burthen. This torpid state of its commerce is rather to be attributed to the character of the inhabitants, and the wretched nature of the government, than to any natural defects in the river. When Rome contained, as it formerly did, more than a million of inhabitants, the most luxurious and extravagant that ever inhabited any city ; when the productions of every climate and the delicacies of every soil enriched their banquets, it is not possible, that such demands could have been supplied without a crowded navigation in the Tiber. I venture to say, that if Rome was at *this* moment in the possession of the people of our country, the Tiber would be whitened by a thousand ships.

The waters of the Tiber are usually turbid, but this is not peculiar to this river ; with very few exceptions all the great and small rivers of Europe are so. This is very disgusting to an American, at first. Accustomed as he has been to the clear and transparent streams of our continent, and forming his ideas of the Wye, the Cam, the Dee, and the Thames, from the pencil of the painter, or the numbers of the poet, he is vexed and irritated at the yellow, dirty colour of their waters.

In this respect then, the Tiber may vie with the majestick Thames, or the meandering Wye. It is still, as in ancient times, filled with excellent fish ; but it is the most remarkable for its inundations. At this moment it has laid two thirds of the populated part of the city under water, and a brigantine of two hundred tons might sail along some of the streets near the river.

From these remarks you shall judge, whether the Tiber is to be treated with contempt, or whether the ancient Romans were mistaken in speaking of it with respect.

On the whole then, I may say of Rome generally, in answer to the questions which I have supposed you to propose to me, that in its appearance it fully answers the expectations which you would form of a city, which had once been the mistress of the world by its arms, and had afterwards for ages governed it by its acts. In every quarter it bears the marks of that bold inventive genius and taste, for which the Italians have for so many ages been distinguished. Its situation is beautiful, and extremely favourable to the cultivation of architectural taste. Its hills form a variety of surface and exposure, which afford you the most agreeable views, and are extremely convenient for its citizens, who, by ascending them, can enjoy all the benefits of air, exercise and prospect. Its streets are generally strait, and at the points of intersection, they form extensive and ornamental squares, which are universally decorated with fountains. There is not a single object in which architectural taste could be displayed, which has been neglected. Their churches, their palaces, their gates, their publick fountains, all of them display the efforts of a genius, which you discover no where in such perfection, as at Rome. If Paris can boast of its Louvre, its Pantheon, its Hotel des Invalides, its St. Sulpice, its Place Vendome, and Place Louis XV, it must also admit that its Rue St. Denis, Rue Quincampoix, and its thousand other streets are narrow, dirty, and unworthy of a magnificent capital. So if London will set up her pretensions, and boast that though she has not the distinguished beauties of Paris, yet she is free from the defects of that city, still she must admit, that she can no where display that magnificence, and that splendour, which meet you at every point of view in the city of Rome.

If, in short, a man of taste, of cultivated taste, could be supposed ignorant of the classicks, and totally unacquainted with the ancient history of Rome, and should be placed in this city, after having visited every other distinguished metropolis of the world, he would exclaim "this is indeed the residence of a wonderful people. I see around me the marks of a pure, chaste, and correct taste; of an inventive genius, and of a noble and magnificent disposition; their architecture is to be sure in some degree disfigured occasionally by too great a profusion of statues, and their paintings are somewhat diminished in value by the superstition exhibited in the choice of subjects, but on the whole, there must be something extraordinary in the air, the climate of this country, or the history of this people, which has given rise to such frequent exhibitions of genius in every art."

If such would be the impression of a man unacquainted with the Roman history, and I sincerely think it would be, what do you think must be the feelings of one, who has learned the wonderful history of that people; who knows their unexampled valour, perseverance, patriotism, and genius—the illustrious warriours, poets, painters, orators, philosophers, and statesmen they have produced, and the unparalelled course of their publick affairs, rising from the smallest origin to universal empire, and then successively the prey of every nation they had subdued?

But I think I have said enough of Rome; and I find myself rather

going into common place reflections, than giving you what you would most naturally expect of me, facts. But I shall defer the farther description of this country to a future occasion.

With regard, &c.

Your Friend.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 43.

Non canimus surdis; respondent omnia silvæ. . . . . VIRG. IO EC. 8.

ABUSE OF WORDS.

THE following letter is calculated for the meridian of Castile, but will serve with proper alterations for the United States. It is extracted from the "Moorish Letters" of Don Joseph Cadalso.

Gazel, a traveller in Spain, to Ben Beley, his friend in Morocco.

The singularity of my friend Nunio's dedication to his waterman, Domingo, and the oddity of his own character, arising from a great variety of circumstances, through which he has passed, gave me a strong curiosity to see his book. I have often requested that favour of him, but in vain. Disappointed in this, I contented myself with desiring him to inform me of the subject, on which he treated; and even here he was unwilling to afford me satisfaction. I made many inquiries of him on this head. Will it be on Philosophy? said I.—By no means, he replied. By continual usage the force of that word is entirely lost; and so many different people assume the appellation of philosophers, that I know not in truth what philosophy is. There is no extravagance, however glaring, that is not clothed with this honourable character. Will it be on Mathematicks?—No, sir, they demand a continued perseverance in study, and I, alas! abandoned them in the outset. Will it be on Jurisprudence?—Never. In proportion as the authors on this subject have been multiplying, justice has been growing obscure; and, at this rate, every one that writes on laws seems to me most effectually to break them. It is as great a fault to explain them as to disobey. Commentaries, explanations, glosses, annotations are only so many stratagems in the legal war. For my part, I would prohibit if possible every new treatise on this subject. Will it be in Poetry?—Still less. The flowers of Parnassus should be cultivated only by youthful hands. The Muses shrink affrighted not only from the hoary head, but from the furrowed face; and it is but an ill figure to see an aged gentleman, decked with the myrtle and the violet, imploring the birds, and the echoes to resound the favours of Amaryllis. Will it be on Politicks?—I pretend not to know them. Every country has its fundamental laws, its constitutions, its history, its judicature, and its peculiarities of character, of powers, of climate, of produce and of connexions. From an intimate knowledge of all these arises the science of Politicks. Let those study it, whose lot it is to command; I was born

to obey, and for this it is sufficient to love my king and my country; two qualities, in which I trust I have never been deficient. What then is your subject, said I, not without a little impatience; it must be one of these; for what other is there so worthy of application and study.—Be not uneasy, said my friend, my work is neither more nor less, than a Castilian dictionary, in which is explained the primitive signification of every word, and the false one, it receives in conversation. It is not my expectation to introduce a new dialect, or entirely to restore the old: but I can recollect the preface, which will best explain the use of my dictionary. He then repeated to me the following observations on the use of the new Spanish Dictionary. I present to the reader a new dictionary, different from any hitherto known I have not exerted myself to furnish it with a thousand words more or less, than other works of the kind contain, nor to ascertain minutely, if such a word derives its authority from Solis, or Saavedra; from Cervantes, or Mariana; from Juan de Mena, or Alonzo de las Partidas; nor to discover, if its origin be Arabian, or Latin, or Phenician, or Carthaginian; nor to inform the publick, whether this term be antiquated, current, or foreign; whether that expression be vulgar, common, or sublime; whether it be poetical, or whether it be prosaick. My design is fully and freely to make known the original, true and genuine, meaning of every word, and the abuse which is made of it in common conversation:—And why have you taken all this trouble? said a young lord to me, as he observed the enormous manuscript. I have taken it, said I looking him steadily in the face, that no one may be deceived, as I have been, in believing, that the words love, serve, favour, esteem, and many others have but one meaning, when they have so many, that the power of numbers cannot measure them. What room is left for patience, when, for example, a youth, like myself, bids adieu to his family, deserts his village, repairs to Madrid, resides there many years, ruins his fortune, wearies himself with ascending and descending a flight of stairs, perhaps disgraces himself by mean lamentations, by currying favour with pages, and saluting porters, and at last sinks into sickness and returns, worse than he came? and all for what? Why, forsooth, because he did not understand the true signification of some little passages in a letter, received from court, although he found at the conclusion such a paragraph, as this, "we shall be exceedingly happy to see you soon at court; for the perfect knowledge, we have of your valuable qualities, and high deserts, the merit of your family, and your fitness for the discharge of some honourable office, will be strong motives in your favour respecting any pretensions, you may offer. Besides this, I have other and stronger obligations to serve you, from the particular favours, I have received from your honorable ancestors, of blessed memory, and the intimate connexion between my family, and that of my dearest friend, for whom, with his spouse, my honoured lady, I implore and beseech of God a long and prosperous life. Madrid," &c. And a little lower: "My dearest friend, with the utmost respect I kiss your hands, and remain your devoted servant, and affectionate friend, ever anxious to see you." A—of B.

For the instruction, therefore, of the few fools, yet left in the world, who give credit to similar profes-

sions, I have compiled this charitable dictionary; not only, that they may not be injured by a false understanding of language but that with this aid and a little practice, they may be able to converse with every one in his own dialect. Should the publick recognise the utility of the work, it would encourage me to compose a grammar, conformable to the dictionary, and possibly systems of rhetorick, logick, and metaphysicks, on the same foundation. This project, if fully effected, would introduce a new theory of publick education, and procure me more fame and veneration from my fellow citizens, than ever Confucius obtained for all his precepts of morality.

.....

ORIGIN OF PARLIAMENTS.

REPRESENTATIVES were summoned in England by the Barons, who took arms against Henry the Third. In France, they were first called in by Philip the Fair, to balance the enormous power of the nobles, and facilitate the laying of new taxes. Thus they were introduced in England to limit the power of the crown, in France, to extend it.

.....

VIRGIL HAPPILY CITED.

WHEN Madame de Bouillon at the head of the dutchesses of France came to compliment M. du Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, upon his Archbishoprick being erected into a ducal peerage, she said to him, "The flock are come to congratulate their pastor, that his crook has been crowned." The Archbishop answered, *Formosi pecoris pastor*. The Dutchess, who knew Latin, completed the line of Virgil, *Formosior ille*.

MORE OF GRAY.

WHEN a man resolves to believe, says Junius, the very absurdity of the creed confirms him in the faith. This appears to be the situation of those, who admire the lyrick poetry of Gray. Like new lights in religion, they are impenetrable equally to ridicule, and to reason.

The following ode is written in imitation of the Bard, but it is, in my opinion, a much better poem, as it contains more energy, more sense, and more simplicity. The worst parts of it are those, which resemble this Whitfield of poetry. As an imitation, it is not generally happy, since the only points of resemblance are the abruptness of the exordium, and the third stanza of the first division. The rest of the poem, with the exception of a few epithets, bears no likeness to the original.

ODE TO DEMOCRACY.

I. 1.

HAG-SEED of hell, I hate thy sight!
Of social man the direst foe;
Avaunt! nor sully heaven's pure light;
But plunge in sulphurous gulphs below.
Fierce as thy gorgon eye-balls roll,
The icy fangs of terror seize my soul,
The ruby stream of palsied life congeal,
And stiffen every nerve to steel.
When erst the arch fiend from blest obedience fell,
And the whole rebel rout to ruin ran,
Thee he engendered in the caves of hell,
The inexorable foe of envied man.
The Furies hymned thy birth with baleful breath,
Offspring of Stygian sin, and twinned with ruthless death.

I 2.

When from murky depths to air
Thy curst ambition winged the way,
Thy presence scattered fell despair,
Infuriate rage, and wild dismay.
Where thy sanguine footsteps turn,
With fatal fury kindling nations burn,
Of civil discord spread the dire alarms,
And rush with maddening zeal to arms.

Hark! how triumphant shouts, and dying cries
Through ravaged fields and flaming cities ring!
From rifted tombs funereal groans arise,
And boding screech-owls flap the fateful wing.
With thee thy terrour spreading train appear;
Grim murder leads the van, keen rapine seals the rear.

I. 3.

Where famed Ilyssus rolls
His silver-streaming wave
Through daisied banks, and incense-breathing meads,
Nor marshalled, firm, nor brave,
Spelled by Cecropian souls,
The purple pride of baffled Persia bleeds.
Her gaily-vested offspring lay
Heaped along the crimson shore;
Whilst hungry vultures bathe their beaks in gore,
And screaming, batten on the gaudy prey.
Infatuate tyrant! who, in hapless hour,
Or urged by demons, or by fiends inspired,
Could'st fondly hope to exterminate the power,
Which glory prompted, and Minerva fired.
Haste, shun thy fate, cross, cross the strait,
Yon skiff shall waft thee o'er the flood;
Away, away, 'tis death to stay,
Avenging Freedom snuffs thy blood.
With hurried speed the Prince outstripped the wind,
Soul-galling Shame before, Fear's shivering form behind.

II. 1.

Athens fair-plumed conquest crowned
With glory's ever verdant bay;
And still had flourished fair the ground
Unhallowed by a tyrant's sway.
But, foul fiend! thy presence sought
The blissful land, and direful mischiefs wrought;
The blast, thy trumpet blew, transformed the race,
And bleached with fear fair Freedom's face.
With headlong haste the affrighted Goddess springs,
And cleaves with rapid flight the viewless air;
To Albion's cliffs she glides on silver wings,
And joyful finds a blest asylum there.
Pleased, on her shores the illustrious exile smiles,
Dread empress of the main, and peerless queen of isles.

II. 2.

Victim of thy vengeful power,
The Roman eagle writhing lies,
No longer doomed sublime to tower,
And pounce with lightning's speed the prize.
Sovereign Lord of feathered life,
Resistless victor in the winged strife,
His strong curved talons, and his beak no more
Shall revel in a rival's gore.
His pinion's dread expanse no more shall loom;
The lynx-eyed terrours of his piercing sight,
That erst unnerved the marshalled foes of Rome,
Fade now extinguished in oblivious night.
The fluttering people fearless spread the wing,
And mid the tissued clouds their joyful pæans sing.

II. 3.

The furious Gracchi, see,
Thy horrid rites prepare,
To sate thee, monster, with patrician blood;
With seeming patriot care,
They hurl, inspired by thee,
Plebeian vengeance on the great and good.
From lips, polluted by thy breath,
The treacherous stream of rhetorick flows,
To whelm in sanguine tide thy virtuous foes,
And laws and order drown in endless death.
When Marcus doomed immortal Tully dead,
Who, by thy aid, the wreath of empire won,
As the sad rostra bore his bleeding head,
Its matchless glory and unrivalled son,
Through rueful Rome, funereal gloom,
With horrour-shedding footsteps strayed,
But checked by fear, the grateful tear,
Flowed not to soothe his sacred shade.
Whilst childless virtue shriek'd with anguish wild,
Joy, such as fiends can feel, in thy harsh features smiled.

III. 1.

Gallia next thy triumphs own ;
Lo ! there thy proudest banners wave;
Whilst Albion guards her sea-girt throne,
And free born millions arm to save.
Blameless Bourbon, virtuous king,
Thy wrongs the breast of soft-eyed Pity wring ;
Hemmed round by harpies in the civil strife,
Rebellion's dagger drinks thy life.
Hoar time can ne'er efface the guilty stain ;
The horrid tale shall vengeful history tell ;
By the coarse hands of vulgar villains slain,
The prince, the martyr, and the christian fell.
But awful Justice raised her sword sublime,
And scarce a wretch survived the sacrilegious crime.

III 2.

Fell Napoleon, nursed by thee,
Where Cyrno's cloud-encircled head
Tremendous threats the subject sea,
Was at thy baleful bosom fed.
Thy fostering fondness taught the boy,
Predoomed each social blessing to destroy ;
To seize, unchecked by Virtue's awful frown,
Through seas of blood, the imperial crown.
The little monster, on thy lap carest,
Learned every human feeling to deride,
Whilst dire ambition kindled in his breast,
Deep guile, remorseless cruelty, and pride ;
No scene of sorrow drew the pitying tear,
But shrieks and dying groans were musick to his ear.

III. 3.

Lo ! roused Iberia pours
Her patriot legions, warm
To vindicate her captive monarch's cause,
And point the battle's storm
'Gainst the proud spurner of her injured laws.
With zeal the rising nation glows,
Vengeance nerving every soul,
Resolved the tide of ceaseless war to roll
On the curst author of their country's woes.
See Austria's eagle, vigorous from his wound,
Prune the strong wing, and lead the embattled van ;
United Europe rouses at the sound,
Conspired to crush the foe of God and man.
The tyrant flies, he bleeds, he dies,
Victorious Freedom views his fall,
The nations free, exulting see,
Triumphant Justice rule the ball
Whilst thou, grim monster, as thy favourite fell,
Curst the rejoicing world, and murmuring plunged to hell.

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MARRIAGE REGULATIONS IN INDIA.

MALTHUS, in his Essay on Population, quotes from Sir William Jones the regulations respecting matrimony existing in India : —— " Girls with too little or too much hair ; who are too talkative, who have bad eyes, a disagreeable name, or any kind of sickness, who have no brother, or whose father is not well known, are all with many others excluded ;" and the choice will appear to be in some degree confined, when it must necessarily rest upon a girl, whose form " has no defect ; who has an agreeable name ; who walks gracefully like a *Phenicopteros* or a young *Elephant ;* whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quantity and size, whose body has exquisite softness."

THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 30.

Modern Chivalry: containing the Adventures of a Captain, and Teague O'Regan, his servant. By H. H. Brackenridge. Philadelphia. J. Conrad & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1804.

IT is a pleasure, in this land of cent. per cent. to see, now and then, a spark of humour and amusement enliven the shade. We are glad to find a man, willing to sacrifice a little of his time to divert his fellows with merriment or please them with the productions of taste. In the novel department our indigenous fruits have, though numerous, been but meagre. True it is that a scrutinizing hand might draw from their dusty shrouds, several respectable tomes, of American parentage, whose title pages are stamped with this alarming name. True it is, that in this thing we have been unusually anxious to equal, if not the eminence, at least the fertility of our European brethren. Many of us have doubtless dwelt with great sympathy on the pathetick history of the unfortunate Dorcasina Sheldon, and have been inclined to believe that the ingenious author had almost out-quixoted Don Quixote. At the mournful tale of the "Coquette," the doleful disasters of "Reuben and Rachel," the interesting intricacies of the "Trials of the Heart" the "Spectator," &c. &c. many fair misses under fifteen years of age, for whose use they were composed, have wept, and thought, they "had full cause for weeping." With more respect we would mention the labours of a southern adventurer in the lands of fiction. "Arthur Merwyn" and "Wieland" are by no means destitute of merit; though the latter is rather too likely to frighten little children in the night. In the adventures of "Updike Underhill," we have seen the pen of the novelist guided with no vulgar skill by a hand that now holds the sceptre of justice. The writer of the work we are to examine, like the author last mentioned, has descended from the bench of law, to laugh his neighbours out of their foibles, and convince them of their errours. The distributor of redress and equi-

ty, when he puts off the Judge, and assumes the executioner, ought at least to be as careful, as any other man, that he does not act without a warrant ; that his lash, if keenly applied, is required by justice and regulated by reason.

Works of the burlesque kind have accomplished their object generally in two ways, either by giving to a trifling incident the buskined majesty of epicks, or by degrading the real dignity of an elevated subject into coarse and homespun apparel. The first kind is exemplified, among other instances, in the " Lutrin" of Boileau, the " Rape of the Lock," and the " Fun," by Gay ; the other in the " Batrachomyomachia," attributed to Homer, its imitations, by Addison, in Latin verse, and especially by the travesties of Homer and Virgil.

It is necessary, that in a work of the burlesque kind, there should be some object or class of objects proposed to be laughed at, and to this end the reader's attention should be directed. In Don Quixote we see the gallant profession of knight errantry, which its absurdities and extravagancies had made a subject of satire, bestowed on the inconsistent character of a plain country gentleman and applied to the common incidents of life. These two incongruities lay the foundation for the ridiculous adventures, and pointed satires of that inimitable work. In the Hudibras, the subject proposed is the superstition of the English Levellers and Independants. Here a considerable part of the humour arises from the inconsistent character of the knight, as he is there drawn, and his squire with the office of defenders of religion. On the whole however, the plan is much less regular and well digested in this respect, than that of Don Quixote. To an unfinished performance we can scarcely impute it as a fault.

The work before us on the first glance has the appearance of being on the same plan with those, just mentioned. We are presented with Capt. Farrago, and his Irish servant, Teague O'Regan. We see them arranging their equipage in the outset of the work, and setting out in quest of adventures ; we follow them from town to town, over hill and dale, "over brook, and through briar;" we are successively led from one place to another, without knowing their name or geography, and introduced to one adventure after another, without the least thread or connexion, and at the end of the book we turn back to inquire why Captain Farrago, and his bog-trotting servant were sent on this hard, and fatiguing expedition, rather than we or any other men. The Captain is presented to us as a plain rustick gentleman, whose notions were clear on all subjects, though his modes of expressing them were rather stiff and quaint ; whose conversation was a little tinctured with the learning of the ancients, and the good sense of former times. Such a person is certainly not very likely to leave the quiet of a retired and rural life, to perambulate the country, and correct the disordered notions of his neighbours. An author however has a magick art, to which almost all difficulties may be brought to yield. Judge B. actually kidnaps the Captain from this quiet, and solitary retirement, and sends him to seek his fortune " et modo Thebis ponit, modo et Athenis." In order however to have some loop hole for his interference in affairs entirely foreign from his own, he is saddled with an Irish servant, who becomes the subject of most of the adventures. In these

adventures there is much uniformity. At the first town Teague is proposed as candidate for Congress, at the next he is mentioned, as a member of the Philosophical Society, at another he is requested to deliver an oration on the fourth of July, or to perform the honourable duty of editor of a paper. The reader is soon tired of this sameness of plan, and of this want of connexion in the incidents. Were it not that the lash of the satirist is allowed to fall almost indiscriminately, and that much exaggeration is necessary to give a ludicrous colour to the tame incidents, and characters of common life; were it not for these reasons, we should be disposed to blame the Judge for exhibiting Teague, a complication of every species of roguery, and barbarousness, as a true example of the Irish character. We should be disposed to blame; Sir John Carr, and Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Owenson, the champions of Ireland, would show him but little mercy.

This work then has but small pretensions to the title of a regular performance of the burlesque kind. But it may be said, that we have been all this time "quærentes nodum in scirpo;" and that the author avowedly makes no pretensions to any thing of that kind. For on p. 28. part 2, Vol. I, he says "I mean this tale of a Captain travelling, but as a vehicle to my way of thinking on some subjects, just as the ancients introduced speakers in a dialogue, or at feasts;" and at the conclusion of the work, "The vehicle, that I have chosen of supposed travels, and conversations, affords great scope, and much freedom, and furnishes an opportunity to enliven with incident. Doubtless it is of the same nature, with many things in the novel way, written by philosophick men, who chose that mode of writing, for the purpose merely of conveying sentiments, which, in a didactick work under the head of tract or dissertation, could not so easily gain the attention of their readers." This apology however, gives but little excuse for the mode of execution, if, as we have stated, it be faulty. It is not unlike that of the lady, who excused herself from weeping at a pathetick sermon, when the surrounding audience were all in tears, by saying, that she belonged to another parish. Undoubtedly every author has a right to make his work whatever he pleases; but if he clothes it in the form and circumstance of any class of works before known and defined, as such it must be judged in some respects, that is to say, as far, as it is a merit to execute it on a regular plan, conformed to the rules of criticism, which, in their turn, are drawn from the great examples of eminent preceding authors. The author of Madoc, after choosing an important historical fact, and relating it in poetical narrative, with the proper appendages of episodes, descriptions, characters, &c. finding that it is in some measure deficient in unity, and perhaps in some other requisite qualities, declares, in his preface, with great independence, that his poem assumes not the degraded title of Epick. But as an Epick it was written, and as an Epick, it has been, and must be judged, notwithstanding the protest of its author. And the propriety of this principle is obvious. No protest would forbid an author from receiving the allowance of praise that his work had deserved, and why should it shield him from any part of the disapprobation.

From this general view of the work, we proceed to judge of it

more in detail, and here its pretentions to publick favour open in greater abundance. In his exhibition of characters, the author has delighted in the low and illiterate; he has not even in the opening of an episode, given us a glimpse of a fairer, and more brilliant scene. But his talent for drawing them is vigorous. Like Cervantes, his second character is his favourite. While the Captain's name stands first on the title page, the Irish servant is in reality the hero of the book. In one of his chapters of reflections he gives his reasons for taking his clown from the Irish nation. "The character of the English clown I did not well understand, and could not imitate the manner of speaking. That of the Scotch, I have tried, as may be seen in the character of Duncan. But I found it in my hands rather insipid. The character of the Irish clown, to use the language of Rousseau, has more stuff in it. He will attempt any thing." As to the circumstance of imitating a national manner of speaking, it may as well be here observed, that though it is one of the most successful modes of exciting laughter, there is no great share of real wit in it. A man, that intends to awaken the risibles of future generations, should resort to some stabler, and more lasting provocative. Reflect, how the orthography of a language changes in a few years; let the page of this work, for instance, be compared with that of Chaucer, and more difference will be found in the orthography, than between those parts of it, which are intended to represent the English, and Irish, and Scotch dialects: and the change in oral accents and peculiarities is not much less. This kind of humour, then, in a work intended to be lasting, were better omitted, and left to farces of a single act. It must be allowed, however, that the effect of it is often excessively risible. The character of Teague O'Regan, is a singular mixture. He is a bog-trotter, fresh from the wilds of Ireland, with much ambition, and infinite effrontery, knavery of every species in abundance, and a great fondness for the ladies. His original rudeness, and the methods, that were taken to prepare him for his entrance at the President's levee, where he was to be presented as a candidate for office, are humourously drawn in the following scene, between the Irishman, and his dancing master.

Monsieur Patrick, said Monsieur Douperie, for understanding that he was an Irishman, and thinking that all Irishmen were named Patrick, he gave him this appellation: Monsieur Patrick, said he, il faut commencer par les principes; must begin by de principle.

La premiere principe, de first lessong est placer les pieds; place de foot. Voyez; dis foot, cy; comme cela; (shewing him how to place his foot) and ce luy, dat foot, la; comme dis foot, (shewing him by his own foot how to place it.) Tournez les pieds; open de foot, quoi! vous ouvrez la bouche; vous open de mout, and not de foot. Vous keep vos foot in de same position, et vous baillez; you open de mout. La secong principe, is to keep de body droit: trait. Must sit firm sur ses membres, on de limb. Tenez votre body as dis (shewing him in what manner to keep his body) assicyez vous, sur vos membres, comme ce la; dis way Monsieur. Quoi! encore la bouche ouverte, you open de mout again, Monsieur Patrick Fermez la bouche, shut de mout.

I stop here to observe, that the opening the mouth when an exertion of the mind or body is required, is a habit very common with uninformed men, and not at all peculiar to Teague: you will observe, that men, who have not been long, or at least much in the habit of writing, when they put pen to paper, open the mouth, and protrude the tongue, moving it, as the pen turns to the right hand or

to the left; or draws the stroke long or short; and, you will see a cordwainer of good skill in his trade, from mere habit, and not any defect of art, put out his tongue, and move it, as if it could guide his hand, when he is paring nicely the margin of the soal of a shoe or boot: having made this observation in justice to the bog-trotter, I return to my narration.

The Captain coming in at this point of the business, made enquiry of Monsieur Douperie, what success he appeared to have with his pupil. Bien tolerable, Monsieur Capitaine, said Monsieur Douperie, ver tolerable: Monsieur es d'une tres bonne naturel; ver good disposition. A la commencement il ne faut pas nous flatter, must not flatter, wid de plus haut degre, du succes; at de first of de lessong.

The Captain, not so much from the words of the dancing master, as from his countenance, and the tone of his voice, saw, that he was not so sanguine with regard to the proficiency of the bog-trotter, as he had been at first. Nevertheless, he was not discouraged in suffering Monsieur Douperie to go on with his lessons; because he expected little more, as has been said, than some improvement of step and gait. Nor did he draw any conclusion unfavorable with respect to the attainments of the bog-trotter in a political career; because he well knew, that awkwardness of manner is not at all inconsistent with the highest literary and political abilities; and that some of the greatest geniuses that the world has produced have never been able to attain the graces of behaviour. The poet Horace, says of Virgil; magnum ingenium sub inculto corpore latet: and the anecdote of Harley, earl of Oxford, is well known; when Queen Anne made him Lord Treasurer, his dancing master expressed his astonishment, and wondered what the Queen could see in him; for he was the greatest dunce he ever had at his school.

With these reflections, withdrawing, he left the Frenchman to go on with his lesson.

La troisieme principe; de tird lessong, said Monsieur Douperie, is to lift de foot; you lift de foot, Monsieur Patrick, le pied droit, de right foot furs; here Teague raised the left; O! mon dieu, said the dancing master, le pied droit et non pas le gauche de right foot and not de left. Est il possible, you no disting de right foot from de left. Il faut lever le gauche: a la bonne heure, you lift de left foot.

Now, Monsieur Patrick; un pas avec le pied gauche: lift de left foot. Here Teague lifted the right foot, thinking of the former lesson, and willing to please the dancing master by giving him that foot, which had seemed to be so much in request with him. O! mon dieu, par bleu, said Monsieur Douperie, est il possible you no disting de right foot from de left?

It is observable of the French character, that while they preserve their temper, they are all complaisance, and have the softest words imaginable; but when they break, it is all at once, and they pass to the opposite extreme of peevishness. It is not altogether owing to an irritability of nerve, but to that system of politeness which they cultivate; because if the chord of civility is immoderately stretched by a concealment of the feelings, when it is let go, it flies the farther, and with the quicker vibration, beyond the medium of its tension.

O! mon dieu, par bleu, said the Frenchman; and here he had almost said foutre, which is one of the worst epithets, that is given, when great contempt is about to be expressed.

However, composing his temper, and resuming his instructions, he continued; now Monsieur Patrick, said he, le pied droit, lift de right foot. Here Teague, as he had not pleased his instructor by what he had done last, viz. lifting the right foot, now lifted the left, being always at cross purposes, as it were, or still too far forward, or too far back in his motions, to correspond with the directions given.

O! diable, diable, said the Frenchman, raising his voice, and almost vociferating; quoi ferai je? il est impossible d'instruire cet garcon: no possible make you understand fat I say, you do. Attendez vous, Monsieur Patrick; you look at me, and lift de foot dat I lift; now I lift de right foot; lift de right foot.

Teague standing opposite the master, and lifting the foot which was on the same side with that of the instructor, made the same blunder as before, and lifted the left foot.

Monsieur Douperie, enraged beyond all bearing, ran out of the room, and left his scholar for the present.

The day after this Monsieur Douperie, having composed his temper and attending, the Captain made enquiry, as usual,

of the progress of his pupil. The Frenchman, endeavoring to put the best face on the matter, said some things of course and complimentary; but could not help intimating that it was une grand difficulty en le commencement, in de beginning, to make Monsieur disting de difference of de right foot and de left.

As to that, said the Captain, it is a national incapacity; for which, as also for their propensity to make what they call bulls, it is difficult to account. There are not a people more brave than the aborigines of Ireland, and are far from being destitute of talents, and yet there is a certain liability to blunders, both in their words and actions, that is singular. Whether it is that a mind strong and vigorous, and of extensive range cannot attend to small things; or that a great flow and hurry of animal spirits carries them too fast for reflection; or that there is a transposition of the brain, so that things present themselves by contraries to the imagination; I cannot tell; but the fact is so, that in their own country, as I have been told, when they are taught to dance, which, by the bye, is a hint which I forgot to give you, they bind on the right and left foot different badges, on the one a twisted wisp of straw, which they call a *sugan*, and on the other a band of ozier twisted in like manner, which they call a *gad*: so that when the word is given to raise the one foot, and depress the other, it is *rise upon sugan, and sink upon gad*; so, that though the tiro may not all at once, and on the word given, be able to distinguish the right foot from the left, he may easily tell gad from sugan, as his eye can assist his ear in this case, the object being simple; whereas right and left are relative terms, and that which is on the right in one position, will be on the left in the contrary.

Monsieur Douperie was willing to avail himself of this hint, for understanding that the bog-trotter was a candidate for state affairs, he was greatly anxious to have the honour to give him some proficiency. Accordingly, though he did not procure a straw sugan, and an ozier gad, yet he made use of what he thought might be equivalent, viz. a red rag, and a blue; so that instead of bidding him move the right foot or the left, he could desire him to move the red rag or the blue.

Having tied these upon his ancles next morning, he began his lesson. Now, Monsieur Patrick, said he, lift de foot dat hab de red ribbon: Teague obeyed with exactness and promptitude, and raised that foot. Now, said Monsieur Douperie, de foot dat hab de blue ribbon; Teague hit the direction and raised the foot with the rag upon it.

A la bonne heure, vous y voila, said the dancing master: ver glad Monsieur Patrick, you make so good proficience; en peu de tems je vous presentera a l'assemble. You danse ver well, short time.

La quatrieme principe, said the dancing master, de fort lessong est former une pas, to made de step. Voyez Monsieur Patrick, fat I do. You make step, ne pas long step, mais van little step. The Irishman attempting to obey the directions, and to step made a stride about an ell in length with his arms stretched out, and gaping at the same time. Foutre! said the dancing master; quoi! Vous baillez; you ope de mout yet. Oh, diable! diable! foutre! une bete! But composing himself, he proceeded. Ranges vous a quartier; step to de van side, comme ce la; shewing in what manner to step out with one foot at right angles to the other.

The Irishman, endeavouring to confine his feet to rule, felt himself as much embarrassed as if chained by the heels; and attempting to make the step as requested, and making the usual exertions with his eyes staring, his arms stretched and his mouth open, lost the command of himself on the floor, and being thrown from the line of gravity, was about to fall, when to save himself, he made a catch at the dancing master, and drew him down with him.

The dancing master, supposing that he had understood him, though in French, when he used the term foutre, and called him a beast, and, resenting this, was about to take vengeance, and having heard of their mode of biting, gouging, &c. in America, was much alarmed, and disposed to throw himself on the generosity of the Irishman, as not being able to contend with him in strength: He exclaimed, O! my lord Patrick, excusez moi, pardon, monsieur Patrick, je demand pardon. Pauvre diable que je suis. I be van poor diable. Vous etes un honnete homme. Ver good man. Un homme brave, courageux, absolument un homme brave, gallant, tres brave, O! je suis un malheureux, I be van poor diable. Je demand pardon, my lord Patrick.

These were the exclamations of the Frenchman, though, at the same time, he was uppermost, but entangled by the bog-trotter, who, having still a hold of him, was endeavouring to rise; which the other was disposed to prevent, thinking it adviseable to retain the advantage, he possessed, and to keep him down until he could appease him by his entreaties, or until help should arrive, so continuing his expostulation, he exclaimed, O! my lord Patrick, faites moi grace, I give you my money. J' ai beacoup d'argent. I give you an order sur mon intendent de cent Louis; one, two, tree hundred guinea. I forgive de compensation of de lessong.

Teague, in the mean time, having understood that chastisement was usually given at school, for inattention, or slowness in acquiring the elements, and not understanding broken French, conceived, that the dancing master was expressing his resentment, and about to inflict punishment; and endeavoured to excuse himself by a speech on his part. God love your shoul, said he, dont be after bateing me, because I can't walk, like a crippled goose, just at once By Shaint Patrick, dis is like stoodying law in de workhouse, where de first ting is a good bateing; God love your shoul, let me up, and i'll step, as straight as a lame shape, or a dog wid dis leg broke into de bargain.

By this time struggling they were both on their feet, the Frenchman, still calling out, voulez vous me tuer; O! ma femme, mes enfans, spare my life my lord Patrick, and the bog-trotter beginning to curse and swear, and to raise the Irish howl.

Being disengaged the dancing master made his escape, and waiting on the captain, not wishing to be under the necessity of giving any more lessons, gave him to understand, that Monsieur had made ver good proficience, en ver short time; that he was capable to present himself in public wid all de success possible; that it was not necessary to give him any more lessons.

The Captain did not suppose that the Irishman could have made such advances as the politeness of the Frenchman would lead him to believe, but he concluded, he might have acquired what would be sufficient as a foundation for his obtaining some decency, though not elegance in his manngr and deportment. Paying, therefore, Monsieur Douperie the sum he demanded, and thanking him for the pains he had taken, the Frenchman withdrew.

We are inclined to suppose, that Teague was not intended as an example of the true Irish character, but merely as a gross caricature, which has been copied from one author to another, so long, that it has at last become at least as familiar to readers as the original. We see in it none of those peculiar traits, which late investigations have pretended to assign in the character of that contaminated and idolized nation. Those who are willing to judge with candour of the Irish character, attribute their eccentrick manners, their bulls, and their effrontery, which, even their best friends are constrained to allow them, to a certain quickness in the succession of their ideas, that hurries them on from one to another, and causes them sometimes to omit links in the chain, that are not so easily filled up by the hearer. The author has made his Irishman an arrant coward, and a shameless braggart, which in common characters are frequently connected; but the effrontery of an Irishman is a constitutional quality and not the affectation of courage to conceal a want of the reality. In the course of the narrative, he is at first rescued by the captain from various attempts, which the kind hearted populace made to promote him to publick office, but at last "wearied," as Goldsmith says, "with being always wise," his master permits the current of popular favour to take its course, first preparing his quondam bog trotter for the gentler intercourse of life in the manner above described. Shortly after his introduction to the Presidential levee he becomes a great favourite of the ladies.

Let the principle be what it would, whether taste, or ambition, the fact was, that the bog-trotter was courted and caressed by all the first people: there could be no card party without Major O'Regan. A young lady sitting by a gentleman in any house, and seeing him pass by, would start up, and run to the window and say O, there is Major O' Regan. When he was in company, and would laugh, and put out his tongue, as if he was about to sing Lillibullero, the young ladies would laugh too; not that there was any jest, in what he or they said, but just because the Major had laughed. When he would put out his paw to touch the hand of any of them, O, la! Major, one would say. O, now! Major, another; don't now Major, a third would exclaim, rather to attract his attention, than to repress his advances. The fact was, there seemed to be a kind of Teagu'-omania amongst the females: so that all idea of excellence, personal or mental, was centered in him, and all common lovers were neglected, or repulsed on his account.

In the gradation of honours, he advances to the rank of an officer of excise, but alas! the current, which set so strongly in his favour, was now about to dash him on a rocky shore. The poor exciseman is made the victim of rebellious rage, and like M'Fingal, of ludicrous memory, is adorned with a coat of tar and feathers. In this situation, he is apprehended by some hunters, and mistaken for a non-descript animal. The curiosity of the Philosophical Society was naturally interested in this singular animal, and after hearing a report of a committee on the subject, they proceeded to negociate about the purchase of it. The Irishman, however, was averse.

God love your shouls, my dear masters, said he, dat have taken me in de wild woods. I care not fat you make o'd me a wild baste, or a turky buzzard or a fish o'd de vater, while I gat good mate to ate, and clane straw to ly down upon; but for de sake o'd de holy faders, do not sell me to dese filosophers, dat will cut me up as you would a dead cat, and put my skin upon a pitchfork, just to plase deir own fancies; rader let me stay where I am, and shew me to de good paple, dat gape and stare, but keep deir teeth in deir mouths, and luke foolish, but dont affer to bite.

The philosophers assured him, that his apprehensions were without foundation; having not the least intention of dissecting, at least until he died a natural death. Doubtless it might be an object, to ascertain from the internal structure of his body, to what genus or class of animals he might belong: nevertheless they were persuaded, the society would content themselves with the observations drawn from external structure, at least for some time. On this turning round to the proprietors, they resumed the conversation relative to a purchase; the supposed animal continuing to vociferate and roar horribly.

In the mean time, the affair of this wild man, beast, bird, fish, or whatever it was, began to make a noise in the town; the people who had come to see it, being divided in opinion; some believing it to be a monster, or new animal in the creation; others disposed to be of opinion, and others confidently asserting that it was a real man.

Coming to the ear of the chief justice of the state, it occurred to him, that if a man, the confining him in that manner was a restraint upon the liberty of the subject; and ought not to be permitted in a country where the laws govern. Accordingly, he had issued his writ of habeas corpus to the keepers, commanding them forthwith to bring before him the animal in their possession, and to assign the cause of this detainer. The officer came forward at the moment the keepers were about to close the bargain with the philosophers, and shewed his writ. They were obliged to obey; and came forward with their charge before the chief justice and associate judges, in open court then sitting, alledging property in themselves by caption, and employing counsel to support this allegation.

The court having assigned counsel to support the Habeas Corpus, the argument began: Counsellor Patch first.

May it please your honours,

I take this to be an animal, in which there can be no property absolute or qualified, being *feræ naturæ*, or of an untamed nature, such as a panther, or a

buffalo; of which it is laid down no larceny can be committed, as not being the subject of property. 4 Black. 235; referring for authorities to 1 Hal. P. C. 511. Fost. 366. 1 Hawk. P. C. 94. Here counsellor Patch read the authorities.

Counsellor Catch in reply: But by the same authorities, it is laid down, that animals *feræ naturæ*, or wild, when reclaimed, or confined, and may serve for food, may be the subject of property, as deer inclosed in a park, fish in a trunk, or pheasants or partridges in a mew.

But is it conceded, that this animal can *serve for food?* rejoined counsellor Patch

The question to be considered in the first place, interrupted the chief justice, is whether this creature is of the brutal or the human kind. Speak to that point.

Counsellor Scratch, as *amicus curiæ*, observed, that this being a question of fact, was most properly determinable by a jury.

Counsellor Patch thought not, as the trial by inspection in the case of infancy, which was within the province of the court, was analogous to this The court were of opinion with counsellor Scratch, and proposed to the counsel for the thing in custody, to bring in a writ *de homine replegiando*, or *replevin*, for the body of a man, as the proper writ to bring the case before a jury; or that an issue might be made upon the return to the habeas corpus, by consent; and in that shape let it be tried. It was agreed; property pleaded the issue made up, and the jury about to be empannelled.

Counsellor Patch under the principle of an alien having a right to a jury *de meditate linguæ*, demanded, that the jury should consist of one half beasts.

Curia advisari vult, and in the mean time desired the counsel to search for precedents. No instance was found of the jury *de meditate linguæ*, being carried so far as this, and the motion was overruled.

The jury being now sworn, the counsel for the keepers offered the two members of the philosophical society, who had examined him, to establish his brutality; this evidence was offered on the principle, that it was peculiarly within the province of their studies to ascertain a point of this nature and were therefore the proper witnesses; as in a case within the custom of merchants, individuals of this occupation are usually called. According to the maxim of the civil law, *Unicuique, in arte sua, perito credendum est.*

Exception to this evidence, that they were interested, having had an eye to the purchase of this thing, and actually in negociation for it.

The objection was overruled, as going to the credibility, not the competency.

The witnesses were clear, that this thing was not of the human race, though as to what class of brute animals it was to be referred, they were not yet prepared to decide.

To the weight of this evidence counsellor Catch opposed the evidence of nature herself; the thing had a human voice and speech, that of a west country Irishman; no instance of which was to be found in any natural historian that had ever written. He would call upon the gentlemen to produce any authority to that effect.

Counsellor Patch was not prepared with an authority to prove, that beasts had been found that could speak Irish; but that it was no uncommon thing in early ages, and in many countries, for beasts to speak some language, such as Latin, Greek; for which he might refer the gentlemen to Æsopi Fabulæ, or those of Phedrus; nor was he without an authority at hand, to prove that even in more modern times, there were many beasts who could speak English; this authority was that well known book, The History of Reynard the Fox; which he now produced, and from which he read passages.

The court thought the authority in point, and the evidence not to be got over, and directed the jury to find accordingly; which they did, in favour of the keepers, and the Habeas Corpus was dismissed, and the thing was remanded to custody.

The members after this, struck a bargain the more easily with the keepers; as they had been a good deal alarmed at the risk they had run of having this property taken from them. The Society after having retained the curiosity a year or so, and ascertained its structure and properties, proposed sending it to some of the foreign societies, who had expressed a wish to have an ocular examination of it also. The preference was given to the societies of France; and it was accordingly shipped in a brig of Blair Mc Clenachen, that was bound to Nantz. At this place on coming ashore, the cage, by rolling and tumbling in it, hav-

ing worn off the tar and feathers from his back-side, he was mistaken for a sans culotte; and the mob rising broke the inclosure, and let him out. I have not heard whether he joined the army of the patriots, or is on his way home again to this country.

After this fortunate escape, he is again presented as a mountebank, as a judge, and finally as a constable in a new settlement, where he and the Captain settle down to pass their days.

The Captain, as was observed before, acts a secondary part in most of these adventures; interposing, with the gravity and respectability of his character, to restrain popular rage, and inculcate moral sentiment. His character is made the vehicle of much miscellaneous discussion and remarks on various topicks of politicks, morals and general science, beside those that are given in separate chapters of observations. The Scotch servant is the only other character, which is drawn with any peculiarity, and is not merely introduced to support a part in the dialogne. His distinctions are a broad Scotch dialect, and raving Presbyterianism, with a proper mixture of prejudices in favour of his own country.

The house was small, and there was but two beds for the reception of strangers; one of these so indifferent, as to appear fit only for the servant of a gentleman, who might happen to travel the road, though large enough to contain two or three persons. What it wanted in quality of neatness, and perhaps cleanliness, was made up in dimensions. This bed therefore seemed naturally to invite the reception of two of the company.

Teague, said the captain, when about to go to bed, I think Duncan and you, being the younger men, may pig in together in that large bed, and leave the other to me, who am an older man, and am apt to tumble and toss a little from weariness in my ride; and may perhaps disturb you in your sleep.

Guid deliver me, said Duncan, frae sik a profanation o' the name o' Ferguson, as to sleep wi' an excise officer. I am na o' a great family, but am come o' a guid family; and it shall never be said, I came to America to disgrace my lineage by sik a contact as that. Gae to bed wi' an excise officer! I wad sooner gae to bed out o' doors; or i' the stable amang the horses.

The revenue officer was affronted at this; and gave way to his indignation.—The devil burn me, said he, if I will be after slaping wid you, you son of a whore, you teef luking vagabon; wid de itch upon your back; I am sure all your country has de itch; and keep scratching and scratching, as if de were in hell, and could get brimstone for nothing; you son o'd a whore.

The youke! said Duncan. Do you impeach me wi' the youke?

You impatche yourself, said the revenue officer. Did not I see you scratching as you came along de road; and do you tink, you teef, dat I wish to get de leprocy, or de scurvy, and have to sleep in a bag of brimstone two or three weeks, before I be fit to travel wid his honor de Captain again?

The deel damn me, said Duncan, if I can bear that.

What, swear Duncan? said the Captain, or curse rather; you that are a Covenanter, and have religious books in your wallet, the Confession of faith and the Catechisms?

How can I help it, man, said Duncan. The deel rive his saul, but I maun be at him.

Duncan had by this time seized his walking staff, and put himself in an attitude to attack his adversary, who, on the other hand, instinctively, ensconced himself behind the Captain, and opposed him as a rampart to the fury of the Scot.

Duncan, said the Captain, you are in the wrong on this occasion, you gave the affront, and ought to excuse the revenue officer for what he has said, which, by the bye, was not justifiable on any other ground but that of provocation. For national reflections are at all times reprehensible. But in order to compose this matter, and that we may have no further disturbance, I will take the large, though more humble bed myself, and sleep with the excise officer, for the reputation of the government who has thought proper to appoint him to this trust.

The deel take me if ye sall do that,

Captain, said Duncan; I wad rather take the stain upon mysel, than let my liege be disgraced; for it wad come a' to the same thing in the end, that I had been the waiting man o' ane that had been the bed fellow o' a gauger. O! guid keep us, how that would sound in Scotland. What wad my relation Willy Ferguson, that is professor i' the high college o' Enburgh, say to that? But rather than your honor shou'd take the stain upon you, I sall put up wie it for a night; though if the landlady has a pickle strae, and a blanket, I wad rather lie by the fire side, than contaminate mysel, bedding wi' sik a bog-trotting loon as he is, that wad gae into sik an office for the sake o' filthy lucre, and to make a living; when there are many honest means to get a support other ways.

The landlady gave it to be understood that she could furnish him with a bag of straw and a blanket.

This adjusted the difficulty, and saved the delicacy of the Scotchman, and embarrassment of the Captain, in keeping peace between the bog-trotters; as in reality they both were, though the one had obtained a commission, and the other remained a private person.

This work is next to be considered as a collection of essays or opinions on various subjects, and in this light it appears perhaps with more advantage than in the former. Discussions of this kind occupy nearly half of the two volumes. The moral of the work, in this point of view, the author states to be a wish to regulate the inordinate spirit of ambition, which he considers the vice of a republick, and to encourage a love for retirement and the shades of private life. We are willing to transcribe his statement of this moral, as it is perhaps the best written sentence in the book.

> I shall have accomplished something by this book if it shall keep some honest man from lessening his respectability by pushing himself into publick trusts, for which he is not qualified, or when pushed forward into a publick station if it shall contribute to keep him honest by teaching him the folly of ambition, and further advancement, when in fact the shade is more to be coveted, and the mind on reflection will be better satisfied with itself for having chosen it."

[*To be continued.*]

ART. 31.

Devotional Exercises for the use of young persons; containing reflections and a prayer for each morning and evening in the week. By Charles Wellbeloved. First American from the third English edition. Boston. Andrews & Cummings. 1808. 12mo. pp. 105.

We beg the pardon of our pious readers for having so long delayed to notice this little work. It is the most interesting manual of devotion for the young, which we remember to have read. Its merit is shown by its having gone through four editions in England in two years, which is remarkable for a book of prayers. Our young men would do well to make it their daily companion. Make the experiment for three months, and "if praying does not make you leave off sinning, sinning will make you leave off praying."

ART. 32.

An Oration, describing the influence of Commerce on the Prosperity, Character and Genius of Nations. Written at the request of the society of Φ B K, *and delivered on their anniversary at Cambridge, Sept.* 1, 1808. *By James Richardson.* Boston. Russell and Cutler. 1808. pp. 20.

However appropriate this subject may be to the present state of

the world, we had fears, that the common topicks of party violence might be involved in the discussion. The food of a literary society on their anniversary should not be rendered disgustful by the vulgar seasoning of our common meals. But the good sense of Mr. Richardson has prevented him from admitting into his Essay any political offensiveness.

The style is that of a man accustomed to think, but perhaps more used to the laxity of conversation than the precision of writing. Of commerce, Mr. Richardson says, "Her conquests are as extensive as civilized society, and her successes brilliant as the light of truth. Her victories are over ferocious passions, savage manners, deep-rooted prejudices, blind superstition and delusive theories. She conquers the obstinacy of soil and situation, endures the rigours of climates, braves the fury of the elements, and triumphs over the inveteracy of nature."

From another part we extract a beautiful sentence, and shall correct a trifling mistake: "Our present prospects awaken feelings too powerful for expression, and lead imagination to paint our future destiny, in colours too frightful to contemplate. Should this disastrous policy prevail, even our children may view the scattered fragments of yonder edifices, the monuments of the piety and liberality of our ancestors, and the boast of the present age, with as little knowledge of their uses or sensibility for their fate, as the wretched inhabitants of Romelia contemplate the mouldering ruins of the Areopagus, or the prostrate columns of the Parthenon." The province of Romelia does not include Athens.

We find no improprieties of diction to censure, and are induced from this circumstance to hope, that pure English will triumph over local vulgarisms, in spite of the exertions of the lovers of innovation.

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ART. 33.

The Signs of Perilous Times, a sermon, delivered at the Publick Fast, in West Springfield, April 7, 1808. By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. Pastor of the first Church in West-Springfield. Springfield, printed by Henry Brewer.

In a short note, prefixed to his discourse, our venerable author acknowledges, that he has made free use of Faber's Dissertation on the Prophecies, which relate to the great period of 1260 years, and speaks of it as "an elaborate and luminous work."

The text, upon which this sermon is founded, is from 2 Timothy iii. 1. *This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come.* When we cast our eyes upon this text, we were inspired with the hope of finding an original dissertation upon a prophecy, of which little notice has hitherto been taken, and of which the application is so very uncertain. Should any one say, that, by the terms of it, the prediction, at the time of its delivery, referred to a far distant period of futurity, and near the expiration of the 1260 days spoken of by Daniel; it may be replied, that the original words, which, in our common translation, are rendered *last days*, may signify any *future days*, or *time*, "without marking whether these days were far off or at hand." We were therefore not only disappointed at finding nothing new, but were sorry to find prophecy so loosely handled by one who stands so high in publick

estimation, as a man of talents and of learning.

After a short introduction, he says, "If we are now in that very period, which the apostle calls the *last days*, then we may know, that perilous times "are come." That we do live in this very period, he proves by the accomplishment of the prohpecy, respecting the 1260 days or years. He shows that these have nearly all passed away; and since prophecy describes the present as a season of danger and distress, "we are certainly to look for perilous times."

As the occasion of great peril, are mentioned the infidel and licentious principles, which have of late years prevailed throughout the christian world. To these may be traced our party divisions. These again are the occasion of still greater corruptions, and when the times are corrupt, we are certainly in very great danger of incurring the displeasure and judgment of Heaven.

"If we cast our eyes upon Europe," continues the author, "we see perilous times are there." As both England and France wish to attach us to their interests, we are also in danger of being involved in the calamities of war. Since appearances threaten this dreadful event, our's may with truth be called perilous times; and the more so, because there appears great disunion, as well among our rulers as among the people.

"Another circumstance, which portends perilous times, is our past abuse of the goodness of providence." After deploring our fatal degeneracy, and the sad effects of unexampled prosperity upon publick morals, Dr. Lathrop concludes with exhorting his readers to the exercise of primitive piety, and the practice of primitive virtue. He earnestly prays, that religion may be exemplified in private families, that its influence may be felt throughout society, correcting licentiousness in politicks, as well as in manners.

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ART. 34.

Review of Hints on Evangelical Preaching. pp. 8.

It has long been the object of a certain class of preachers in England and in this couutry, to appropriate to themselves the title of *Evangelical.* They will probably succeed; because it is well known, that, in order to avoid circumlocutions, the world must agree to call a sect by the name which they choose, to assume. When, however, the meaning of this term is examined, it is found, like many other popular denominations, inaccurate; for of the whole New Testament the gospels, are the parts of which these gentlemen make the least use, and surely they are the most remote from their manner of preaching. He, who should merely give the history, or repeat the discourses of Jesus Christ, as recorded by the evangelists, would have a better claim to the title of an evangelical preacher, than all the retailers of the dogmas which are sometimes exclusively honoured with this appellation.

The increase of these preachers in the church of England seems to be awakening, at last, the concern of sober and rational men, lest doctrines so hostile to the spirit of that church, and of so equivocal influence on morals, should take possession of the minds of common people, and, at last, of all the pulpits and benefices in the kingdom. Either this, or a schism of alarming magnitude must be the inevitable termination of the progress of what

is called Methodism. In this country our fears are not of such a nature, nor of such consequence. Every class of citizens may and must have the preaching it likes best. The American editor, however, of this pamphlet thinks its publication peculiarly seasonable; and we extract with much pleasure his preface, which discovers a serious and rational regard for the purity of christian faith and practice.

Boston, 9th Sept. 1808.

The editor of the following review of a late pamphlet trusts, that he is actuated by right principles, in procuring its publication here. He has long observed with concern the exertions, that have been made, and which are now prosecuting with renewed assiduity, and increased force, to imbue the publick mind with sentiments, that he humbly conceives are very opposite to the faith once delivered to the saints. As a friend of the benevolent and moral religion of Jesus, whose whole life was devoted to the *doing* the will of his father, he esteems it his bounden duty, to do all he can, in his very limited sphere, to support and aid the pure doctrines of the gospel—which lead to the practice of all the *moral* or *christian* virtues—moral and christian virtues being convertible terms—as he has been taught by an apostle, that *pure religion*, and *undefiled*, is, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to *keep himself* unspotted from the world. In other words, he has been taught, that the followers of Jesus have something *to do*, as well as believe. That "talking" of the filthy rags of self-righteousness will never clothe us with the robes of the righteousness of the saints; which if we would be clothed with, we must ask for —as we are told from high authority— that he that asketh, receiveth: fairly implying, that he who does not ask— shall not receive.

Further—we are solemnly called upon, *to work* out our own salvation with fear and trembling—Will it, can it be said then—that Jesus Christ has so done the work for us—as to have left nothing for us to do?

The editor is alarmed at the bold and arrogant assertion; and he prays Almighty God, to avert the dreadful consequences that must follow the prevalence of such dogmas; as they certainly tend to discourage and prevent all virtuous and religious endeavours, and will open a wide door to licentiousness, immorality, and every evil work!

The editor is apprehensive, he may be stigmatized as a *man of morals*, would that he could plead a just claim to the appellation—he may be sneeringly called, *a rational christian*—how much more does he wish himself entitled to the glorious character! And are we then fallen upon such times as that a *man of morals*, and a *rational christian*, are become terms of disgrace and reproach? So, alas, it seems. It is earnestly hoped, that those, who may be thus held up to derision and contempt, will be influenced and restrained by that charity, which is so eminent a trait in the system of the meek and lowly Jesus—who has taught his disciples, both by precept and example, to bear all things—to endure all things.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 6.

The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq. Philadelphia, printed by T. Dobson. 1792. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I, pp. 384; Vol. II, pp. 424; Vol. III, pp. 420.

In these volumes there is little to censure or to praise. They are of that class of writings, which we turn

over without interest, and lay aside without comment; and had they not been assigned for review, we should have avoided the hazard of exercising our wits upon such indifferent materials. It is with books as with men—the most unfortunate character for either, next to the vilest, is no character at all. An author, in pursuit of fame, may easily mistake his way. He may, for instance, be injudicious in the choice of his subject; or handle a popular text after a slovenly manner; or, with more zeal than management, publish the truth to a bigoted age, and, by that means, associated with his works, make a double exit in a bonfire, lighted for hereticks. The roads to oblivion are sufficiently numerous; and some of them, it must be confessed, remarkably direct; but the least circuitous, and most frequented, perhaps, is that which leads one to the publication of common-place compositions. An author who has fallen upon this track, may be said to remove out of notice in a straight line, with the expedition of a forced march. Nothing can stop his flight to the land of forgetfulness, and should his "memory outlive his life half a year, but by 'r lady, he must build churches then." There is in all healthy minds a desire to be excited, and a propensity to be taken with what is striking and characteristick. Hence, few writers of a positive cast can be named, either lofty or ludicrous, (we had almost said ridiculous) who may not point to their admirers in some direction or other. The grand art in writing, as every one knows, is to seize the attention; if we fail to acquire this, we may scribble common sense from matins to vespers, from vespers to matins, and we shall find the world, after all, as inattentive to our labours as a Hollander to his mistress. For our own part, in preference to sitting in judgment on the still births of a brain like our author's, we choose to revive the impressions of our childhood, by a perusal of the History of Goody Twoshoes, or the Melody of Mother Goose.

Our readers, perhaps, may recollect an account, given by some voyager, of a remarkable calm, which prevailed for so long a term, that the sea grew offensive, and those who came within its influence, fell sick to a man. In poring over the volumes before us, this extraordinary repose of the waters, together with the mischiefs occasioned by the same, frequently occurred to us, as peculiarly illustrative of the subject in hand, and the effect it produced. In truth, after taking leave of the title page of our author, and adventuring a little way in his work, we came across a smooth kind of something, which gradually retarded our progress, and brought us in the end to an absolute pause. To speak plainly, we were becalmed. Nothing presented itself to view but a vast extent of dull matter, a flat reality, which we had dwelt on even to weariness. No news whatever reached us from any quarter, and our condition became every moment more forlorn and distressing. To crown all, the society, at this juncture, displayed symptoms of a very alarming nature. One member fell to fidgiting in his chair, as though he were seated on nettles, or had caught the St. Vitus's dance. Another, poor wight, was seized with a fit of gaping most dangerously wide. Some of the company paced the room in a high state of fever, praying to be set on shore from so vexatious a concern, and in-

timating by their complaints, that they were touched with the calenture. Our Secretary, who is rather addicted to napping, just at this pinch, dropped dead asleep in his seat; and, with a deal of good breeding, began to signify by a profound movement of the head the high sense of respect which he entertained for the club. How long he would have continued in this complaisant mood, had nothing happened to disturb his repose, we are unable to say. All we know is, that losing the centre of gravity, at the commencement of his civilities, he was suddenly restored to his recollection, by coming in contact with an ugly projection of the attick. But, were we to relate all the disasters that befel us, while engaged in the examination of this work, we should spin our review to an immodest length, and perhaps be set down by our readers for insufferable egotists. Let it suffice us then to state, that we were, one and all, on this heavy occasion most grievously disordered; that we unanimously gave ourselves up for lost, and with a mixed feeling of pleasure and regret, began to look forward to those touching tributes of respect, in the shape of eulogies and orations, which we conceived were about to be paid to our classick remains. How we got through our difficulties, and missed of these honours, is a matter of astonishment. But, thanks to our stars, we are at this instant alive and convalescent; and, in spite of what has happened, expect shortly to favour our readers with some account of those gentlemen, who, on the event of our decease, would in all probability have figured at our obsequies.

Authors, we are told, have their fortunate moments; when, as it were by a sleight, they can affect in an hour what on another occasion would employ them the whole four and twenty. Dryden's ode of odes is said to be the work of a sitting; and the Merry Wives of Windsor cost the writer a fortnight. Doubtless, many master pieces, in poetry and prose, have been struck off at a heat; but it should be remembered, that facility is only to be acquired by labour, and that to write with ease, we must first write with care; of this truth however Mr. H. seems to have been ignorant; for, from the commencement to the close of his literary career, he evidently made more haste than good speed Indeed he appears to have clapt spurs to his Pegasus the instant he mounted him, and not to have minded which way he went, so long as he succeeded in getting over the ground. It is true, man and horse have kept the beaten track, with the exception of a few deviations, and made out to move for the most part on a level. However, any one, we presume, might have predicted, without consulting his stars, that they were, from the outset, in a fair train to pay a visit to that noiseless country, of which we have made mention. But, lest we should pursue the figure too far, let us express ourselves in plain prose. We conceive then, that Mr. H. besides being sparing of his time and labour, was too fond of writing upon every thing to write well on any thing. Indeed he reminds one of those literary hackneys, who spread their brains abroad over the vulgar columns of a news-*print*, and compose extempore on any subject their employers may dictate. At one time, he is severe in a letter to Lord Howe: At another, he ridicules the removal of Congress. Now he is on the administration of justice by grand and petit juries. Then again he is mechanical and teaches the most improved method of quilling harp-

sichords. Sometimes he *makes orations* for the *young gentlemen of the university*, and sometimes he indites essays for the "Old Bachelor." He puts problems to Mr. Rittenhouse, and addresses poetry to the ladies. Truly, for the versatility of talent, he exceeds the tragedians of the city, who were the best in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral (tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical pastoral,) scene undividable, or poem unlimited.' To be sure, a man may write well on a broom stick, though for a text it is none of the best; and, as an instance of remarkable aptness of mind, we can cite a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is at once a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician. But, to tell the truth, he is a seventh son, and of necessity a prodigy. Besides, he conceives that he doth *profess* too much, and says, that ordinary geniuses, who have a wish to become famous, must stick to one art or science, and be contented to labour early and late. This flying from one subject to another, from politicks to poetry, from philosophy to farce, is too much for the wits of any writer who is not more than half a conjurer, and able to perform wonders by a twirl of his pen. It is said, none of us are without our talent; and were we to improve it, we should avoid being insipid, though we might never be celebrated. But no, we must have a pen in every thing, (as we say of a finger) and had rather hang than be confined to a particular subject. The consequence is, whatever we produce (to use the phrase of the shop) is left in the rough. Now had Mr. H. cultivated his vein, and written humourous essays, and ballads, instead of taking on him the office of author general of these states for the time being, we should not have found him squeezed between two worm-eaten fathers in a dark corner of the fourth story. Certainly, there are in these volumes some bright passages, and we doubt not, Mr. H. would have made a luminous writer, had he confined himself to one species of composition. But our business is not with what he might have done, but with what he has done. Let us hasten, therefore, to take a nearer view of his beauties and defects.

The contents of these volumes are, briefly, as follows. Essays political, philosophical, and satirical; Letters instructive, amusing, and affective; Verses sublime, beautiful, and pretty: and in truth, we know as little what to do with the same, as good Mrs. Partlet with her first hatch of ducklings. But let us make an extract or so from our author, and leave the reader to judge what he is made of. Perhaps we have handled him a little too roughly: The best natured gentlemen are occasionally humoursome.

Human nature hath a strong abhorrence of pain, grief, and care. Were it otherwise, they would be of no use in weaning the affections from the vanities of the world. Most medicines are nauseous to the palate and severe in their operations. In this their virtue consists. Affliction is the medicine of the soul. It softens the obdurate heart, and renders it susceptible of good impressions. When we are in pain and sorrow, we learn to feel the distress of others, and are prompted to acts of charity. When we find that the pleasures of the world cannot give solid, permanent satisfaction—cannot gratify *all* our desires, we are induced to turn to that only Being, who is the source of true felicity, and in whom alone there is fulness of joy. In the time of distress, *we feel and know* what we only had, perhaps, a transient idea of before, that the christian graces and virtues are the only true sources of happiness; and will be our comfort in the last inevitable hour, when all the palliating

vanities of the world, and the anodynes of pleasure must entirely lose their effect. The sensibilities attendant on affliction and distress are too strong to be continued through the common course of life. The wounds of the mind will heal as well as those of the body. But if afflictions produce their proper effect, the mind, ever remembering that those things may be, will acquire a calm and steady adherence to the dictates of conscience and the practice of virtue; not as a task imposed by a superiour power, whose wrath he would deprecate; but as the highest gratification to himself. He will become habituated to do good; and what is *duty* in others will be *nature* in him.

Certainly, the above paragraph is made up of truths. And what would we more? Is it not enough to be informed, "that human nature hath a strong abhorrence of pain, grief, and care;" and that "affliction is the medicine of the soul," &c. &c. &c. Indeed, the world are too fond of fable, and a little matter of fact may be of service to their morals. Thinking as we do though, is it not strange, that in the midst of this very essay we should have been overtaken by the calm we so pathetically described? But no more of that! for the bare mention of the word is sufficient to give our society the qualms. Let us turn then to the letters contained in this volume, and see what they offer deserving of note. And here we light upon one addressed to Joseph Galloway, Esq. wherein this gentleman is given to understand, that his name is consigned to infamy and his soul to perdition, and bored into the bargain with the following ugly story of himself.

> Is there a curse denounced against villainy that hangs not over your head?—It was owing to your poisonous influence that *——* took part against his country's cause, and involved his family in misery and distress. Let their misfortunes sit heavy on your soul! It was owing to your seductions that a hopeful young man was cut off with infamy in the prime and vigour of life. Let the blood of Molesworth sit heavy on your soul! You attended the British army from the head of the Elk to the city of Philadelphia—you rode in the rear of that army in your triumphant carriage—you feasted your eyes with scenes of desolation—the cries of ruined families, and the curses of the distressed compose the musick of your march, and your horses' hoofs were wet with the blood of your slaughtered countrymen and former friends. Is there a curse denounced against villainy that hangs not over your head?—Let these things sit heavy on your soul!

This is rant and not eloquence. Hamlet instructs the players, that they should, in the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of their passion, acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Were Mr. H. to set about a second philippick, we should advise him to bear in mind the advice of the young prince. We are aware, that it was not intended for gentlemen of his profession exactly; however, a true wit is never at a loss to make the laws laid down for any art of service to his own. Indeed, Mr. H. "outherods Herod." Whether or no, Joseph Galloway, Esq. did give his soul to perdition, we know not, but this we know, the letter addressed to him is a little too wrathful. One may be sent to a place, we care not to name, by a roundabout way. To be candid though, these volumes contain but one specimen of the *terrifick;* and this struck us like a *flaw*. For the most part, they exhibit their author in an amiable point of view. If, therefore, in penning the above, he for once stepped out of himself, we ought to look for his apology in the spirit of the times. The conduct of Joseph Galloway, Esq. was published to the world in the year 1778, when the good people of this country were mad for liberty, and the Esquire had proved a traitor to

the goddess. And next, to show that it mattered little with our author upon what subject he wrote, we will extract a sentence or two from the "Improved method of quilling harpsichords."

After fair experiment and long trial, the following method of *tongueing* a harpsichord hath been found to answer all the above requisites.

I took what is *called velvet*-cork, of the best kind, free from dolts cracks or blemishes. I cut this cork into plates, about one quarter of an inch thick, and glued upon them thin and well polished leather; from these plates I cut the tongues, and pressed them tight into mortises cut for the purpose through the plates, in the same manner, and with the same ease that the common is fixed in the little hole punched for its reception. The cork must then be shaved off underneath, slanting from the point, where it must be very thin, to the face of the palate, and then nibbed, like a pen to the proper length. The touch may afterwards be nicely regulated by shaving away more of the cork from underneath, if requisite, with a sharp penknife or a file.

The merits of this paper the reader may settle with himself, for of what it treats "we know no touch."

But we have said, that these volumes were not absolutely barren of interesting matter; and, seeing we have exposed their poverty without mercy, let us proceed now to point it out. Well then, "The battle of the kegs," "On white washing," "Nitidia's answer," "Speech of a post in the assembly-room," "Specimen of a collegiate examination," a dozen lines or so of poetry, here and there, are far from contemptible. But our limits will not allow us to make extracts from the whole, we must content ourselves therefore with particularly noticing a few. And first, take a sliver of the "Post."

To all which the column *firmly* replied—[Congress would have it the *wooden member* was not in order]—that he was, properly speaking, a *standing member* of that house, having been duly fixed in his station by those who had a right and power to place him there: that he was the true representative of a numerous race, descended in a direct line from the aborigines of the country—those venerable ancestors, who gave the name of *Pennsylvania* to this state, and whose posterity now inhabit every county in it—that he was not only a member of the house, but one of its principal *supporters*, in as much as they could never *make a house* without him—that he had faithfully attended the publick business, having never been fined as an absentee—and that those very members, who now opposed him, had confided in his wisdom and integrity, by constantly appealing to him* in every contest about rules and internal economy of the house.

* *The rules of the house are framed and hung up against one of the columns.*

But we want room for the rest.

Now, this is pretty well for a post! and we have heard many *pillars* of the state hold forth with less pith. But to the collegiate examination.

Logick. Prof. How many parts are there in a *salt-box?* Stu. Three. *Bottom, top* and *sides.* Prof. How many modes are there in salt-boxes? Stu. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsey-turvey.* Prof. Define these several modes. Stu. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string, by which the box is hung against the wall. Prof. Very well—and what are the consequences of the accidental mode? Stu. If the string should break, the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box be broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the accidental mode with its consequences. Prof. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box? Stu. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions. Prof. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom,

and the uppermost part is the top. How is it then, if the bottom should be uppermost? Stu. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom: and this is called the topsey-turvey mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it. Prof. Very good But are not salt-boxes sometimes single and sometimes double? Stu. Yes. Prof. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt boxes, with respect to their having salt or not. Stu. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt. Prof. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

Of our author's poetry the following is a favourable specimen.

Those, who in ships pursue their dangerous way
Through the vast empire of the trackless sea,
Behold the power of heav'n's Almighty king,
And with a fearful awe his praises sing.
At his tremendous word the billows rise,
And clouds glide swiftly through the floating skies;
Sulphureous lightnings dart from pole to pole,
And o'er the burden'd æther heavy thunders roll;
The howling tempest seems to shake the globe,
Whilst troubled nature wears her darkest robe:
Yet doth the little bark the tumult brave,
And on the white top of the bursting wave
Quivering she hangs—her masts the clouds divide,
And from beneath, hell opes her portals wide:
Confusion reigns o'er all the watry realm;
The astonish'd seamen quit the useless helm;
With growing terrours are their bosoms fill'd,
And in their veins the purple current's chill'd:
In their distress, to God they lift their pray'r,
And though the tempest roars, the Lord will hear:
The same dread word, that swell'd the boiling main,
Commands a calm, and all is smooth again;
Their terrours vanish, whilst propitious gales
Swift to the port impel their swelling sails.

Though, by this time, the reader must be acquainted with our opinion of these works, we cannot close them forever without a few last remarks. Their principal defect is, want of character. They have no point, no tooth, and take such ladylike hold on the mind, that we read them and forget them with perfect unconcern. The abuse of logick, grammar and rhetorick ought not to be laid to their charge; for so far as these go, they are tolerably correct. The absence of blunders, however, is not excellence, any more than exemption from criminality is virtue. When honours are decreed to mediocrity, and not till then, the subject of this review may come in for the laurel. Such is our opinion of the works of Francis Hopkinson, Esq. in giving which, we have spoken of them as they are; "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice." We have said, and we repeat it, had Mr. H. gone correctly to work, he would have done *something*, but he has played with his pen, instead of wielding it like a man, and it was our duty to take him in hand for his folly.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, *FOR SEPTEMBER*, 1808.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

An Address to the Members of the Merrimack Humane Society, at their annniversary meeting, in Newburyport, Sept. 6, 1808. By Michael Hodge, jun. Esq. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple.

The 3d volume of the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. containing the Dunciad, in 4 books, with a handsome frontispiece, engraved by I. H. Seymour, which completes the 3d volume of Select Miscellaneous Classicks. Hastings, Etheridge and Bliss, Boston.

An Oration, describing the influence of Commerce on the prosperity, character and genius of nations. Written at the request of the society of Phi Beta Kappa, and delivered on their anniversary at Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1808. By James Richardson. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8vo. pp. 20.

Vol. I. of Reports of the Trials of Col. Aaron Burr, late Vice President of the United States, for treason and for a misdemeanor, in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, &c. in the Circuit Court of the United States. To which is added, an Appendix, containing the arguments and evidence in support and defence of the motion ofterwards made to commit A. Burr, H. Blannerhasset, and J. Smith, to be sent for trial to the state of Kentucky, for treason or misdemeanor alledged to be committed there; taken in short hand by David Robertson, Esq. Counsellor at Law,

The Knowledge of Jesus Christ supremely important—a Sermon, delivered June 8, 1808, at the installation of the Rev. Josiah Webster, to the pastoral care of the United Church and Society in Hampton, N. H. By Samuel Worcester, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem. Thomas C. Cushing. Salem.

The Military Mentor, being a series of letters recently written by a general officer to his son, on his entering the army; comprising a course of elegant instruction, calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier. Vol. 2. Cushing & Appleton, Salem, and Joshua Cushing, Boston.

A selection of Psalms and Hymns, embracing all the varieties of subjects and metre, suitable for private devotion and the worship of churches. By William Emerson, A. M. pastor of the first church in Boston. Psalm xlvii. 7. Boston, Munroe, Francis & Parker. 12mo. pp. 300.

Chaplin's Sermon on the greatness of Redemption. Price 25 cents.

The Watery War: a poetical description of the existing controversy between the Pedobaptists and Baptists. Price 12 1-2 cents. Boston, Manning and Loring,

Three dissertations on Boylston Prize Questions, for the years 1806 and 1807. By George Cheyne Shuttuck, M. D. Being the dissertations to which the Boylston Prize Questions were adjudged. To which is prefixed the publick account of their adjudication. Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

A Sermon delivered at Hallowell, before the Maine Missionary Society, at their anniversary, June 15, 1808. By Jonathan Scott, V. D. M. pastor of the first church, in Minott. Hallowell, N. Cheever.

An Address to the General Association of Connecticut, to the congregation-

al ministers and churches of the State, on the importance of united endeavours to revive gospel discipline. Litchfield, Hosmer and Goodwin.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Military Companion; being a system of company discipline, founded on the regulations of Baron Steuben, late Major-General and Inspector-General of the army of the United States. Containing the manual exercise, facings, steps, turnings, wheelings, miscellaneous evolutions and firings Together with the duty of officers and privates. Designed for the use of the militia. Second edition, with additions and improvements, and illustrated with handsome copper-plates of company evolutions. Published by Thomas & Whipple, Booksellers, Newburyport, who are proprietors of the copy-right. Price 37 1-2 cents.

A Faithful Picture of the Political Situation of New Orleans, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present year, 1807. Boston, reprinted from the New Orleans edition. 8vo. pp. 48.

The Speaker, or miscellaneous pieces, selected from the best English writers, disposed under proper heads, for the improvement of youth, in reading and speaking. To which is prefixed, an essay on elocution. By William Enfield, L. L. D. Lecturer of Belles-Lettres, in the Academy of Warrington. Boston, published by Joseph Larkin E. C. Beals, printer, 12mo. pp. 430. Price 1 dollar.

Doddridge's Lectures on Preaching, and the several branches of the ministerial office: including the characters of the most celebrated ministers among dissenters, and in the establishment Manning & Loring, printers. Price 62 1-2 cents.

Jay's Sermon on the mutual duties of husbands and wives. Preached on the occasion of a marriage solemnity. Price 25 cents.

The Cutter, in five lectures upon the art and practice of cutting friends, acquaintances, and relations. Boston, printed at the Emerald office, by E. G. House. 18mo. pp. 104

A Concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetic; in which all the rules that occur in common business are applied to the Federal Currency. Designed for the use of schools. By Samuel Temple, A M Sixth edition. Boston, printed by Lincoln and Edmands. 12mo. pp. 138.

A new Gazetteer of the Eastern Continent; or a Geographical Dictionary: containing in Alphabetical order, a description of all the countries, kingdoms, states, cities, towns, principal rivers, lakes, harbours, mountains, &c. &c. in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their adjacent islands; carefully compiled from the best authorities. [By Jedediah Morse, D.D A.A. S. S. H. S. author of the American Universal Geography and American Gazetteer; and Elijah Parish, D. D. pastor of the church in Byefield, Newbury. Illustrated with maps, accompanied by a new and elegant general atlas of the world, containing in a separate volume, sixty-three maps, and comprising all the new discoveries to the presentime. Designed as a second volume to the American Gazetteer. Second edition, enlarged and enriched with information of the late remarkable changes in the Eastern Continent. Boston; Thomas & Andrews.

The History of the Church of Christ, volume the first. Containing the three first centuries. Boston. Farrand, Mallory & Co.

The Kingdom of Christ; a Missionary Sermon, preached before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, May 23, 1805. By Edward D. Griffin, A. M. one of the pastors of the presbyterian church in Newark, New-Jersey. Philadelphia, printed; Newburyport, reprinted, for Samuel Dole.

A Sermon preached before the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States of America; by appointment of their standing committee of missions, May 19, 1806. By Eliphalet Nott, D. D. President of Union college, in the state of New-York. Philadelphia, printed; Newburyport, reprinted, for Samuel Dole.

Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field. By Sir Walter Scott, author of Lay of the last Minstrel. 2 vols. 12 mo. at 1 dol. 75 cts. Boston, Farrand, Mallory & Co. and Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Thomas & Whipple of Newburyport, have in the press A Compendious History of New-England, designed for schools and private families. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Elijah Parrish, D. D. second edition, with alterations and improvements by the authors.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, have in the press, a volume entitled, The Warriour's Return; and other poems, by Mrs Amelia Opie.

Joshua Cushing of this town, has in the press, An Introduction to the making of Latin; adapted to the rules of Adam's and Smith's Syntax.

Joshua Cushing of this town, has in press, The Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus, with practical inferences relative to pregnancy and labour. By John Burns, surgeon in Glasgow.

I. Riley, New-York, has in press, Reports at Nisi Prius in the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, by John Campbell, Esq. with Notes, &c. by a Chancellor at Law of New-York.

E. Sargent, New-York, has in the press, and will shortly publish, a new Novel, entitled the Wild Irish Boy, by the author of Fatal Revenge.

Now publishing in New-York, price to subscribers, two dollars, bound. The Great Line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, with a general view of the present state of the world; with respect to civilization, religion and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge. By Samuel Whelpley, A. M. principal of the Morris Academy, N. J. This work will be published on good paper and a fair type, in octavo form.

Printing in Walpole. (N. H.) by William Fessenden and G. W. Nichols, A Serious Address on the dangerous consequences of neglecting common coughs and colds, with directions for the prevention and cure of consumptions; to which are added, observations on the hooping cough. By Thomas Hayes

In the press of Manning and Loring of this town, Booth's Apology for the Baptists.

Joshua Cushing, and Oliver and Munroe of this town, have in press, The Debates, Resolutions, and other Proceedings, of the Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, convened at Boston, on the 9th of January, 1788, and continued until the 7th of February following, for the purpose of assenting to and ratifying the Constitution recommended by the Grand Federal Convention. Together with the yeas and nays on the decison of the Grand Question To which the Federal Constitution is prefixed; and to which will be added, the amendments which have been made therein. To be printed in one vol. 12mo. containing about 230 pages Price to subscribers bound and lettered, one dollar.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia, intend publishing an American edition of a work now publishing in London, edited by Wm. Nicholson, author and proprietor of the Philosophical Journal and various other chymical, philosophical, and mathematical works, entitled, the British Encyclopedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, comprising an accurate view of the present improved state of human knowledge. It is to be appropriated exclusively to the arts and sciences, and will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, embellished with two hundred elegant engravings.

An Abridgement or digest of the decision in all the important cases which have been brought before the courts of the United Statesi and those of the several states, is preparing for the press by a gentleman of the bar of Philadelphia, and in a state of great forwardness. To this abstact of the decisions in all the important cases which have been reported in this country, it is in contemplation to add an appendix, which will contain a variety of matter particularly interesting to the legislator as well as to every member of the American bar

Campbell and Mitchell, New York, will shortly publish, Manœuvres of Horse Artillery, by General Koskiusco. Written at Paris in the year 1800, at the request of General William R. Davie, then Envoy from the United States to France Translated with notes and descriptive plates, by Jonathan Williams, Col. Comdt. of the Corps of Engineers, and president of the U. S. Military Philosophical Society.

W. W. Woodward, Philadelphia, will shortly present the publick for their patronage, proposals for printing in four elegant octavo volumes, Scripture Characters, or a practical improvement of the histories in the Old and New Testaments, by Thomas Robinson, M. A. Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in England. This edition is to be printed from the 6th edition just completed in London.